

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 26, 1973 60 CENTS

The NCAAs

**IS THERE A
GIANT-KILLER
IN THE HOUSE?**



**Marvin Bernes,
Providence**

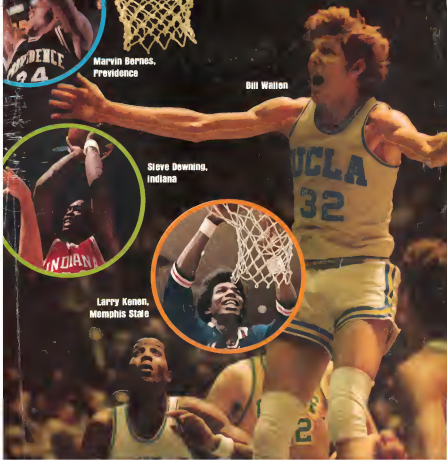


**Steve Dewning,
Indiana**



**Larry Kenon,
Memphis State**

Bill Walton





*Forward Motif

© Peter Max Enterprises, Inc.

New Datsun 1200 Sport Coupe. An original portrait by Peter Max.

The new Datsun 1200 is today's kind of car. It's an economical package of motion and fun that's nice for you...and for the world around you. So when we commissioned its portrait, we went to today's kind of artist—Peter Max—probably the best known artist of his generation, a creative genius who made colorful visions an exciting part of everyday life.

The new Datsun 1200 Sport Coupe gave him a subject that's exciting on several levels. For the ecology minded, it's a car that doesn't cost much money,

doesn't take up much space and gets around 30 miles out of every gallon of gasoline. At the same time it has quick handling and spirited performance. Finally, it comes with all the niceties you could want—fully reclining bucket seats, safety front disc brakes, flow-through ventilation—and a few you didn't expect—a fold-down rear seat storage area, whitewalls and tinted glass, for instance. Peter Max has captured the spirit of our 1200, a Datsun Original. Capture it for yourself in real, everyday terms at your Datsun dealer. Drive a Datsun...then decide.



Own a Datsun Original.

From Nissan with pride



**Life insurance. If no one really wants it,
how come almost everybody has it?
New York Life thinks the explanation is simple.**

Life insurance. You can't eat it. You can't wear it. You can't drive it. No wonder nobody wants it. Yet most people refuse to do without it. 86% of all families own at least one life insurance policy.

How come? Why do so many people who don't want life insurance buy it? Because life insurance is still the soundest way—often the only way—to provide immediate financial security. The minute you buy a policy you guarantee tomorrow. You can guaran-

tee the cash for a college education or to pay off a mortgage. You can guarantee that your family will have what it takes to get along without you.

No one is better prepared than a New York Life Agent to help you do this. So don't close the door on him. Open up. He has what you need.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. Life, Group and Health Insurance, Annuities, Pension Plans.

Titleist's Corrective Action vs. other heel and toe irons.

In countless tests, our new irons have proven themselves superior to all other heel and toe clubs.

The reason for Titleist's superiority: the two tungsten inserts are precisely



Suggested retail price: \$275, set of 9 irons

positioned to enlarge the sweet spot and correct mis-hit shots.

We programmed a mechanical golfer to hit thousands of shots the way you hit them: some on the sweet spot, some high on the face, some low, some on the heel and toe. The chart below shows that Acushnet's Titleist iron with Corrective Action* consistently delivered more effective shots, with less loss of distance and accuracy, than irons with simple heel and toe weighting.

Ask your pro to let you try out one of our irons against clubs with simple heel and toe weighting... even much higher priced clubs. You'll see what Titleist's Corrective Action can mean to your game. At Acushnet, we're out to improve your game.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT

Sold thru golf course pro shops only

When the mechanical golfer

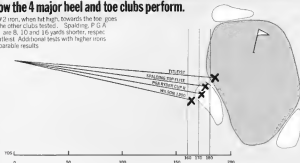


hits the ball here...



...here's how the 4 major heel and toe clubs perform.

The Titleist #2 iron, when hit high, towards the toe, goes 180 yards. The other clubs tested... Spalding, P.G.A. and Wilson... are 8, 10 and 16 yards shorter, respectively, than Titleist. Additional tests with higher irons showed comparable results.



Contents

MARCH 26, 1973 Volume 38, No. 12

18 Baiting the Bruins

Three fresh-faced innocents win the chance to try to torment all-conquering UCLA

22 Oh Lord, He's Perfect

If there is ever to be the ultimate racehorse, people at the track say it could be Derby favorite Secretariat

26 Rise of the Underground Tour

If you have clubs and nerve and—here's the rub—cash, you can play on a new \$10 million pro golf circuit

32 In a Lair with a Bear

Biologist Lynn Rogers thinks nothing of investigating occupied dens. He spends his winters in cubbyholes

42 Riding for a Fall

Though many are headed for disaster, and some for death, dozens of charmers run the risk of Austree each year

72 Fold It Out and Presto!

An architect strives to overcome the hangry reputation of squash with a low-cost "accordion" court

84 The Rinks Were Running Red

A goalie who lived it writes of Canada's humiliation in the series with Russia—and of the ultimate redemption

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| 11 Scorecard | 72 Design for Sport |
| 60 People | 75 Skiing |
| 63 Hockey | 78 College Basketball |
| 69 Bridge | 101 For the Record |
| 70 Track & Field | 102 19th Hole |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 341 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60641; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Sturley, President; Richard E. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles R. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized at second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$8.50 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

Credits on page 101

Next week

FINALLY THE FINALE: the showdown for the NCAA basketball championship. Carry Kirkpatrick covers the shoot-out as contenders to the crown assail UCLA's ramparts.

OH SO PRETTY: oh so deadly is the 16th hole at Augusta National. A look at the famous par-3, plus a story on the fiery young pro who is a strong threat to win the Masters.

A LONG BLUE LINE guided the Olympic marathoners through the cobbled streets and dusty parks of Munich, and led author Kerry Moore to old agonies, new conclusions

Mennen E[™] is tough on odor, not on your body.

There are more deodorants on the market than you can shake a stick at. And all fringe benefits aside, you're not going to buy one unless it works.

So you should know that, in terms of what a deodorant is supposed to do, Mennen E was developed to handle perspiration odor problems effectively.

What makes Mennen E really different, however, is the way in which it works.

Mennen E. What it doesn't do is just as important as what it does do.



Mennen E is made with Vitamin E instead of a harsh chemical or strong germicide.

Mennen E doesn't clog the pores. It doesn't constrict the skin. And it goes on warmer and drier



than other spray deodorants.

Furthermore, most women find it gentle enough to use even right after shaving their underarms.

How Vitamin E works.

Mennen E is based on the discovery that when Vitamin E is applied externally, it acts as a deodorant.

If you cut into a Vitamin E capsule, you would see that it contained a clear liquid. When applied to the skin, this Vitamin E liquid helps to prevent oxygen in the air from reacting with your perspiration—the true cause of perspiration odor.

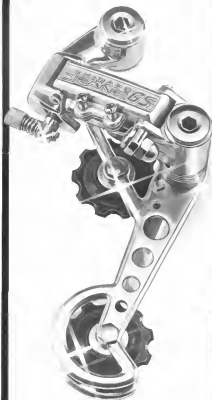
In other words, the "anti-oxidant" action of Vitamin E helps to neutralize the odor-forming process.

Mennen E. It fights odor. Not you.

MENNEN[™]

The deodorant made with Vitamin E.





FINEST QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

Smooth! Shimano smooth with superior performance, and effortless operation that has made it the most popular 10-speed system in America today. Wherever cyclists gather you can see them—Shimano hubs, brakes, and the superb Shimano Crane derailleur gears. And no wonder! Since 1921 Shimano has been designing and producing the finest in cycling equipment. ...today, cyclists in 53 countries enjoy riding more on Shimano equipped bikes. Shouldn't you be riding on Shimano too?



SHIMANO

SHIMANO AMERICAN CORPORATION • 1133 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS • NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10036

Army ROTC doesn't get in Barry McClure's way.



Barry takes ROTC and still has plenty of time to be an All-American triple jumper at Middle Tennessee State University.

"ROTC is no big thing," says Barry. "It takes only a few hours a week. There's plenty of room for sports, studies and other things."

And room is what this four-time NCAA champ needs. Barry has topped the NCAA Indoor Record for the triple jump with a big 52' 10-1/4". He also holds the Tennessee Intercollegiate Record in the same event. And just for good measure, he competes in the high jump.

You'll want to find out what Barry already knows about ROTC. That it can help you earn a degree and commission at the same time. That it pays you \$100 a month up to ten months for each of your last two years. That it could even help you go to graduate school. All without getting in your way.

Army ROTC. The more you look at it, the better it looks.



Army ROTC
P.O. Box 12701
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19134

Tell me how Army ROTC can round out my education

Name

Address

City County

State Zip

High School Attending

College Planning to Attend

SPG 3-89-25

TWA is what

TWA's Ambassador Service. What a long flight should be:

Available on over 250 flights a day from 23 cities throughout the U.S.A. and on all flights between the U.S.A. and international destinations.



Curbside Check In.

Check in your bags at the terminal curb.



Ground Ambassador.

Get any assistance you need at the departure lounge.



The Twin Seat in 707 Coach.

If nobody's sitting next to you, fold down the middle seat and sit two across.



Choice of Movies.

Only TWA gives you a choice of movies on every movie flight across the U.S.



Choice of Meals.

We offer a choice of three main courses in coach and five in first class.



TWA's Ambassador Express. What a short flight should be:

Available on over 250 flights a day from 18 cities throughout the U.S.A.



Gate-Area Ticketing.

If you're late, buy your ticket right at the gate.



Carry-on Luggage Compartments on all 727s.

Take a bulky package, even a full-size bag, right on the plane with you.



The Twin Seat in Coach.

If nobody's sitting next to you, fold down the middle seat and sit two across.



8 Channel Audio.

Only TWA offers it on all 727 flights of 90 minutes or more. There is a special channel for executives and headsets are free.



Choice of Meals.

A full-size meal or just a snack on most meal flights.



Out and Back Scheduling.

To most destinations you can go and come back the same day on TWA.

TWA's L-1011.

What an airplane should be:



The most modern plane in the world, featuring every comfort and convenience TWA ever put on an airplane.



Coach.

You're never more than one seat from the aisle. If the seat next to you is empty, you can turn that seat-back into a table, or you can raise the armrests and turn your seat into a couch. Only TWA coach has this flexibility.



First Class.

It feels like a big lounge, because there are club seats in the center area that swivel. Now you can chat and dine the way you would in a restaurant.

travel should be.

What a vacation in the U.S.A. should be:

Fares.

This summer no other non-stop scheduled airline will have lower fares for you and your family over comparable routes and for comparable service between TWA cities.



Inflight Service.

In addition to Ambassador Service, there are special games and movies to keep your children occupied.



On the Ground.

After you stay with friends or relatives, TWA can arrange for you to stay in a hotel, sightsee and rent a car for just a little more than the cost of your flight.



Getaway® Adventures.

Low airfare. First-rate tours. Hotels. Sightseeing. And more combinations of vacation places than most other airlines.



What a vacation in Europe should be: (On a Tour.)

Low airfare. Complete sightseeing if you wish. Each ground arrangement backed by a warranty.



TWA DISCOUNTS

If you book a TWA vacation tour, you'll find a lot more than just a TWA ticket. You'll find a TWA vacation tour. TWA vacation tours are guaranteed to be the best value in travel. With a pre-paid discount price covering the entire vacation, you can relax and enjoy the trip.

Travel by air, by driving your own rented car, or by luxurious "Meteor" motor coach.

(On Your Own.)

We can help you with hotel reservations and car rentals. And you can take along a Getaway Guidebook with valuable discount coupons.



TWA's Getaway Card.

You can charge your trip on your Getaway Card and take up to two years to pay.



What airline should you fly?



TWA. And here's one more reason why: Only TWA can take you on a short flight within the U.S., a long flight across the U.S., a vacation to Europe or a trip around the world.

Which means you can fly from a TWA city to Europe or around the world without the nuisance of having to switch airlines and terminals along the way.

What the future should be:

We'll be doing a lot more to make travel better than ever.

To make vacations here and abroad more available, better organized and quality controlled.

To develop innovative new fares so that more people can travel for less.

So call your Travel Agent or TWA.

TWA is what travel should be.

That isn't just a slogan. It's a commitment.



here's johnny



**Here's Johnny...
proving a stitch in
time looks fine.**

Amazing what a little topstitching can do to accent the clean lines of this pure cream-colored suit. It follows the uniquely rounded shape of the pockets. It contours the fashionably wide lapels. It adds just the right touch of difference to this polyester/wool texturized woven fabric.

Johnny's texturized polyester/wool sport coat and double-knit slacks are especially created to go together. Their harmonizing earth and sky tones create a pleasing picture for any casual occasion.

Custom-created Johnny Carson shirts and ties complete the total look.

See the Johnny Carson Wardrobe at fine stores throughout the United States and Canada.



JOHNNY CARSON

APPAREL, INC.

111 Conwell Street, Buffalo, New York 14201

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREANER

SOLUTION

The Congressional inquiry into the latest NCAA-AAU dispute is pointless, says one weary observer of the amateur scene. "Everyone says the two groups should sit down and work out their differences," he says, "but that's where we keep going wrong. We can't have two groups. We're the only country in the world that does not have one administrative body governing amateur sport. As long as we have two, no matter what sort of temporary peace they work out, there'll be trouble."

"But neither the AAU nor the NCAA has the right to be that sole body. The AAU is an anachronism. It was organized a century ago to protect amateurs from professional inroads, but by the first decades of this century it was obvious that most amateur sport was in schools and colleges. The scholastic groups should have taken over, but the AAU leaders were—and still are—jealous of their position and refused to let go. They had a powerful weapon: the AAU is the U.S. body recognized by international federations. That's the only reason the AAU has any authority at all today."

"O.K. The NCAA should have become the nucleus of a new organization 50 years ago, but it's too late now. The NCAA has forfeited its position as an amateur authority because its prime responsibility today is the stability and financial well-being of big-time college football and basketball, which are essentially professional sports. Nothing wrong with that; it's not a sin to be a pro. But the financial problems of football and basketball—the arenas, season ticket sales, lucrative TV contracts, recruiting costs, coaches' salaries, distribution of income—are incompatible with the problems of administering the non-professional sports, including track and field and swimming, the two most important Olympic events."

"The solution? The AAU should be disbanded. The NCAA should establish

a separate division devoted entirely to big-time football and basketball. The remainder of the NCAA and the NAIA and the other scholastic and club associations should reorganize into one federation which would have international affiliations and jurisdiction over all amateur sport in the U.S.

"It may sound farfetched and impractical, but it is the only solution if we are interested in the future health of amateur sport in this country."

NAMES, PLEASE

This has to have happened somewhere before. Bellefontaine (Ohio) High School's basketball team had a 5'10" guard named Long and a 6'5" center named Short.

POLITICAL GESTURE

It is a verity: when a politician talks about sport he makes a fool of himself. He also makes headlines, which is what he wants in the first place. Eighteen Congressmen have signed a letter asking that Lee Elder, a black, be invited to the Masters Tournament. No black has ever competed in the event, an unpleasant fact of life that has been well publicized in the past. The letter, sent to Tournament Chairman Clifford Roberts, says, "Surely if a man such as Lee Elder can play in South Africa [which he has] . . . there can be no possible justification for him and others of his race not to play at Augusta."

Elder is a good golfer, but under the Masters' rules of eligibility for inviting U.S. pros (top 16 in the U.S. Open, top eight in the PGA Championship and the like) he has not yet qualified. The categories were altered a year ago to allow winners of regular tour events to compete this year, a further opening of the door to blacks. None have yet qualified, but inevitably—most likely in the next year or so—one or more will.

The point is, no artificial barrier keeps blacks out of the Masters, regardless of

what the Congressmen imply. What they ask is that an arbitrary new qualification category be added: one black man. This is both reverse racism and an affront to the superior black athletes who will be making it to the Masters on their own talents in the very near future.

CHECKS AND BALANCES

Hotels in the famous ski resort country around Banff, Alberta had a difficult time this winter finding enough people to work as waiters, maids and dishwashers. Ordinarily the hotels have a plentiful labor supply among young people from places like Calgary and Edmonton in the neighboring plains to the east. Not this year. Ivor Petrack, manager of the Banff Springs Hotel, says, "They work for four weeks and then quit."

What they did then was take to the slopes and ski. Some began to wear the letters UIC on their parkas. It became an insiders' joke to refer to the UIC

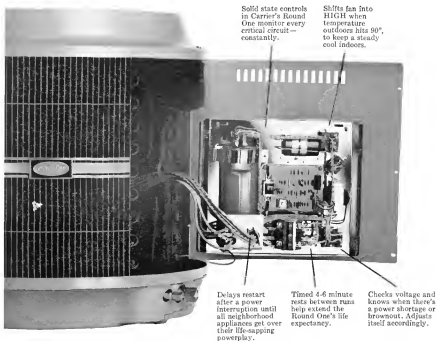


ski team. UIC? That stands for Unemployment Insurance Commission, the department of the Canadian government that issues unemployment checks.

Ho, ho. Funny joke. But the joke came to an end last week when Robert Andras, Minister for Manpower, told the House of Commons in Ottawa that 32 unemployment claimants from Edmonton and Calgary had asked the UIC to send their checks to them in care of the Banff Springs Hotel. Commons was not amused. One thing led to another, the

continued

CARRIER'S ROUND ONE COMES WITH A BRAIN.



Carrier's Round One has what every some air conditioning unit should have—, brain. Its solid state control system is the most advanced you'll find in any unit. In fact, about the only thing you'll find in common is the cost. Look into the Round One. Start with the Yellow Pages for the name of your nearest Carrier Dealer.

Carrier

No.1 air conditioning maker



IT SHOULDN'T TAKE AN ACT OF CONGRESS TO MAKE CARS SAFE.

Volvo was committed to safety long before it became mandatory.

In 1956, for example, we installed padded dashboards: 12 years before the government insisted on them.

In 1959, Volvo became the first mass-produced car in the world with safety belts as standard equipment. Nine years later all cars had safety belts, inspired by Federal regulations.

We don't just settle for the legal minimum, either:

The law says all cars must have two brake circuits. Volvos have two *triangular* circuits, each controlling three wheels. So if one circuit fails, you still have about 80% of your braking power.

Volvos also have many safety features not required by law:

Like front and rear ends which absorb the impact of collisions. Four-wheel disc brakes with a pressure-proportioning valve to reduce the chances of rear-wheel lock-up. Child-proof rear doors. Rear window defrosters.

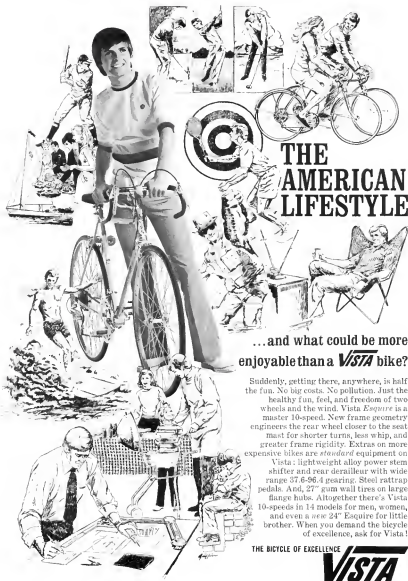
Now who would you rather buy a car from?

A company that builds a safe car because someone else made them do it?

Or a company that builds a safe car because their conscience made them do it?

VOLVO





THE AMERICAN LIFESTYLE

...and what could be more
enjoyable than a **VISTA** bike?

Suddenly, getting there, anywhere, is half the fun. No big costs. No pollution. Just the healthy fun, feel, and freedom of two wheels and the wind. *Vista Esquire* is a muster 10-speed. New frame geometry engineers the rear wheel closer to the seat mast for shorter turns, less whip, and greater frame rigidity. Extras on more expensive bikes are *standard* equipment on

Vista: lightweight alloy power stem shifter and rear derailleur with wide range 37.6-96.4 gearing. Steel rattrap pedals. And, 27" gum wall tires on large flange hubs. Altogether there's *Vista* 10-speeds in 14 models for men, women, and even a new 24" *Esquire* for little brother. When you demand the bicycle of excellence, ask for *Vista*!

THE BICYCLE OF EXCELLENCE

VISTA

Who braces you for the dental bills when you're unable to work?

Your good neighbor, the State Farm agent.

He's there to help out with a State Farm Disability Income Policy.

The policy that goes to work for you when you're laid up by sickness or injury.

It provides money you need every month to help with family expenses like dental bills, groceries, car payments or the mortgage.

And you'll feel better buying your health insurance from a real, live person. Someone who can answer your questions right away, and tailor your income plan to meet your family's individual needs.

Money you need for the people you love. Plus the personal attention you deserve.

It all comes with State Farm

person-to-person health insurance.



STATE FARM MUTUAL AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY. Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

Like a good neighbor, State Farm is there.

unemployment checks were no longer redirected to Banfill and the UIC ski team more or less disbanded.

"The labor situation has improved," says Ivor Petrack.

MONEY TALKING

Broadcasting magazine says major league baseball will receive \$42 million for radio and TV rights in 1973, with that figure apt to go higher if plans go through for Mutual Broadcasting to do a game of the week on radio beginning in July. Of the total, \$18 million comes from NBC for the World Series, pennant playoffs, All-Star Game and game of the week telecasts. The remaining \$24 million is the sum received locally by individual clubs. The Dodgers have the most lucrative deal, \$1.8 million, with the Phils a surprising second at \$1.6 million. The Reds and Yanks are at \$1.3 million, the Mets at \$1.25 million. The lowest reported figure was Milwaukee's \$600,000. The National League teams will pick up almost \$3 million more from local contracts than the American League.

GO OR DIE FOR SONNY

Sonny Werblin, the onetime show biz agent who more or less invented Joe Namath, the New York Jets and the American Football League, is now interested in inventing New Jersey. Heretofore, New Jersey has been little more—in sport, anyway—than a level, sometimes stagnant stretch of ground between New York and Philadelphia in which lie Jersey City, Newark and Princeton, among other cultural advantages. Werblin wants to turn it into a sports colossus. He is one of the prime movers of the New Jersey Sports Complex, a dream that hopes to come alive in the Jersey Meadows (a euphemism for swamp), which lie a few miles west of New York City. Jersey already has plans for a football stadium and racetrack there and assurances from the New York Giants that they will play in the stadium when it is ready—which Werblin hopes will be in 1975.

Werblin, a mover, assumes the Sports Complex will come into being on schedule and that in time the football stadium and racetrack will be joined by a baseball park and an indoor coliseum. A practical man, he also feels that having a pro football team on Sunday is not enough. He wants college football on Saturday. The

logical school is nearby Rutgers, Werblin's alma mater, but Rutgers has trouble filling its own 23,000-seat stadium. Werblin, a member of the school's board of governors, wants to upgrade Rutgers football so that when the stadium is ready, Rutgers will be, too.

"Last year I saw Nebraska play Kansas," he says, "and there must have been 11 New Jersey boys in the game. Every year New Jersey has 30 boys on all-conference teams around the country. We want to keep them home. We're not about to lower academic standards to get football players, but I don't think there is anything morally wrong in having student athletes receive athletic scholarships."

Don't sell Werblin short. You might even apply now for tickets to the 1980 Nebraska-Rutgers showdown in the Sports Complex.

BACK EAST

The Department of Fisheries in the State of Washington tags salmon in order to learn more about the migratory habits of these splendid fish. It pays \$3 for the return of each tag with information as to where it was found. Alan Yanofsky of New York City dutifully returned a tag with an explanatory note:

"Enclosed is a tag that came off a salmon. I found it when I bit into my sandwich. It came to me in a can of salmon. Please send the \$3."

VOTE FOR BUSH

Clarence Campbell, president of the National Hockey League, is 67 and ailing and may soon give up his pressing duties to accept a more or less honorary post as commissioner of the NHL. The commissioner—a new title for hockey—would be something like the president in West Germany or Italy: the nominal head of state, a ceremonial figurehead. The practical work of running hockey would remain in the president's office but be assigned to a younger, more vigorous man.

The logical younger, more vigorous man to succeed Campbell appears to be Walter Bush, president of the Minnesota North Stars. The 43-year-old Bush, a lawyer, played hockey at Dartmouth and has run Junior Olympic, Olympic, amateur, minor league and major league hockey teams with notable success. He would almost certainly establish his of-

fice in New York, where baseball, football and basketball already have their headquarters.

His selection would be a departure for the NHL, which up to now has had a Canadian as top man and the league office in Canada. But 13 of the 16 NHL franchises are in the U.S.; New York is the most advantageous place for a sports headquarters to be, and Bush is the best man for the job.

GOING TO THE DOGS

William Kerbe, an animal control officer (used to be called dogcatcher) in Maryland, says that he and his assistants had to destroy six dogs recently because they were running wild. "They're like wolves," he says of the wild dogs he encounters more and more frequently. In rural areas the dogs start by killing rabbits and small animals and then graduate to sheep and cattle. In towns and cities they forage for food behind houses and apartments, mostly by knocking over garbage cans.

"I'm a lover of dogs," Kerbe says, "but the dog population today—people can't understand this—is exploding on us." He says the ratio of newborn cats and dogs to newborn children is 20 to 1. Puppies are cuddly and cute, he concedes, but people who find themselves stuck with a houseful of half-grown pups all too often will abandon them in isolated areas. When the abandoned dogs reach maturity they are totally unmanageable—dangerous, in other words—and must be destroyed.

"Spying is the only answer," Kerbe says, "especially for house pets."

THEY SAID IT

• Russell (Box) Walseth, Colorado basketball coach named Big Eight Conference coach of the year, on why he called two consecutive time-outs without resumption of play in a game with Missouri: "During the first time-out I got everybody on my team so thoroughly confused I had to call another one right away to straighten things out."

• Al Rossi, veteran basketball official, counseling a group of apprentice referees: "The first thing to remember is never to say, 'Our out!'"

• Mike Andrews of the Chicago White Sox, on the aging Detroit Tigers: "They are a collection of designated pinch hitters."

END

Extra care in engineering... it makes a difference.

Chrysler Corporation has not only improved the car to reduce service, we're also helping to improve the service.

Here's how:

Chrysler Corporation is aware that getting service for your car can often be a very inconvenient experience. So, like every other carmaker, we've developed a number of programs designed to make you happy

with service when you need it. Of course, we know you'd feel even better if you needed less service in the first place. That's why we think a car that needs less service is the ultimate solution.

Here are some of our programs which are designed to make you happier with service when you need it:

1. We help women help themselves. Women on Wheels is a program designed to help give women a better understanding of their car. Offered free by many Dodge and Chrysler-Plymouth dealers, the program is teaching women how to tell when something is going wrong—and what to do about it. So far, more than 12,000 women have taken advantage of this get-to-know-your-car course.

2. We're training new mechanics. MoTech is one of the industry's newest service programs. It will train hundreds of new mechanics every year, in every phase of service. MoTech is designed to help relieve the mechanic shortage by providing a constant flow of qualified new mechanics into the work force.

3. We keep 40,000 mechanics up to date. Our Master Technicians Service Conference helps make service easier and faster for you by offering training materials to 40,000 mechanics every year. The Conference also introduces new techniques and vital information to mechanics on a monthly basis. It's the oldest continuous service program in the industry.

4. We help teach teens, too. The Plymouth Trouble Shooting Program has been helping develop student automobile mechanics for 24 years. The program encourages high school and trade school students to sharpen their skills in automotive mechanics by awarding scholarships to those who are best able to diagnose and correct mechanical trouble.

Here are some of our "extra care in engineering" features which add up to less service to help you save time and money:

1. No distributor points or condenser to replace; eliminating the major cause of ignition tune-ups.
2. No distributor timing adjustments due to wearing and replacement of points.
3. Fewer recommended spark plug replacements than

two major competitors.

4. Virtually no voltage regulator replacement due to new solid-state system.
5. No recommended transmission service under normal driving conditions.



CHRYSLER CORPORATION

CHRYSLER • PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DODGE TRUCKS

BAITING THE BRUINS

Their future is grizzly, but their innocence is refreshing as three surprising championship hopefuls earn the right to take on UCLA

by BARRY McDERMOTT

So you have decided to wrestle with those heavyweight income tax forms tomorrow, you have ordered the combination lock for your refrigerator's meat compartment, you think Fearless Fosdick should be put in charge of eavesdropping. That takes care of the IRS, the USDA and the FBI. Now for the biggest problem since Johnny discovered he couldn't read the alphabet: What to do about UCLA in the NCAA?

What indeed, Bobby Knight and Steve Downing and Quinn Buckner and all you other Hoosiers who long to take it back home to Indiana? And Dr. K. and Tubby, what plausible theories can you whisper in your Memphis State draws that have not been mumbled before? And Ernie D and Bud Marvyn, are you the ones? Can Providence provide where Elvin Hayes and Artis Gilmore and prayer have failed? Or do you all feel as helpless as Superman around Kryptonite, having mashed your way through the regionals only to find the title surrounded by Bruins?

Not really. UCLA has not yet reduced to Jell-O the knees of Indiana and Bobby Knight, he and his regimented troops that baffled Marquette and Kentucky last week with a paramount example of the whole being more than the sum of its parts. The Walton Gang still must convince nifty Ernie DeGregorio, who many decided was unstoppable after watching his one-on-five games against Pennsylvania and Maryland. And unwithered remains Memphis State, with its high-flying, good-looking lads who rose out of the levee country to erase South Carolina and to bloody Kansas State.

Before the season began, it hardly seemed likely that Indiana or Providence or Memphis State would still be playing basketball this late in the year. But Saturday they will join UCLA in St. Louis for the NCAA title round, three verdant challengers arrayed against the

omnipotent, secure and ubiquitous defender, united by a pestering, sobering and dramatic notion: UCLA hunts its seventh straight championship and ninth in 10 years; wonderful UCLA, the team that combines the best of two worlds, coaching and talent.

This is not to say that UCLA is unbeatable. Everybody knows what can happen; that on any given day, etc., etc. And the challengers, only one of whom—Indiana in 1953—has ever made it to the final four, will not play with lilies in their hands and charity in their hearts. Midwest Regional titlist Memphis State, only recently ushered into the status polls under the aegis of Coach Gene Bartow, may be an obscure interloper to most people living a few city blocks off Beale Street, but the Tigers are mature and secure and, perhaps more important, family. They won 21 of their last 23 games as Bartow skillfully melded old and new names and games. Indiana, which gets first crack at UCLA on Saturday, and Providence already have experienced wins over teams they were not supposed to beat, so that is nothing new, and their crafty coaches have them believing that the team best equipped to withstand pressure will win. That tenet sustained Indiana through the Big Ten season and the Midwest Regional, and Providence in the East.

But it was a fact of last week's regionals that the casualties, reading like the dropout list at the Indianapolis 500, were as noteworthy or maybe more so than those who survived. Long Beach State, Marquette and Southwestern Louisiana, ranked third, fifth and seventh

in the national polls, all are back in the pits after first-round accidents and breakdowns while Maryland, which ranked eighth, looked as flimsy as a flivver against Providence.

"All the teams that were supposed to get to St. Louis have been beaten," Wooden announced ominously to his team Thursday night according to Tommy Curtis, the team's Designated Bruin Talker (DBT). It was the coach's antidote for the early stages of infectious complacency, a reasonable expectation since UCLA was playing before a home crowd in Pauley Pavilion, where it has not lost a game since the tops were cut off sneakers. Well, almost. Long Beach, the silent minority's candidate, had just snored to a 77-67 defeat at the hands of San Francisco in the West opener and now UCLA was up against Arizona State, a team that had the audacity to announce that it would run with the Bruins. Run and gun from the land of the sun, and for a while it worked, with the Sun Devils dashing into a 21-16 lead. But the game was over by halftime with the Bruins ahead 51-37. Final score—98-81. Consecutive win No. 72 for the Bruins. So much for running.

That was expected. Long Beach's demise on Thursday night was not, even though many thought the 49ers peaked in late December at Oklahoma City and had been in a decline since. Starter Glenn McDonald injured a foot not long after midseason, and his defense never was replaced. Floor leader Rick Abernethy had not played well for a month. And rumors kept surfacing on the troubled waters that Coach Jerry Tarkanian was packing up his suitcase and would be coaching Nevada-Las Vegas next season. A more tangible problem was star Ed

continued

Indiana's brilliant freshman, Quinn Buckner, barreled in against Kentucky's Jim Andrews.





Ernie O, making the most of his 27-miscue game against Maryland, lifts one way up.

Ratleff. He jammed two fingers on his shooting hand on Monday and missed his first 11 warmup shots before the San Francisco game. Then, in the game, he tore a tendon in his left hand, which left him with no good hands. That wasn't enough to handle San Francisco.

"We have looked awful for a month," said a dismayed Tarkanian. For the last three years he is 1-1-0 with UCLA—one good game, one bad game and now no decision. "Eddie is our only consistent shooter, and when he went bad we had to go inside, and they stopped us there," Tarkanian said. "What a way to go, to get right next to the big one and then scink it up."

San Francisco viewed its game with UCLA Saturday through a rose-colored playbook. Earlier in the year the Dons were embarrassed by a 28-point loss to the Best in the West. This time Coach Bob Gaillard hoped for a different tune, something with a nice beat but a lot slower. "It's ring-a-round-a-tosy," jeered former *Laugh-In* star Arie Johnson, a UCLA fan, as he watched patient San Francisco stall to a 16-9 lead.

Later Wooden would say he was never worried. He inserted Tommy (DBT) Curtis and sophomore Dave Meyers. Quickly Curtis hit two from Hollywood and Vine, then one from the corner. Meyers scored, then Meyers missed, but William The Red, which is only one of the names used to describe Bill Walton, was there to tip it in and UCLA had a 19-16 lead. The Dons were never really in control again. Two later baskets on captivating plays by Walton, as always the tournament MVP, helped run off 10 straight UCLA points and provide a hermetic seal on the 54-39 victory.

"They made every defensive adjustment needed to stop us," said Gaillard later. "I will always wonder if Curtis would have hit those outside shots if they weren't playing at home. Those 25-foot shots aren't that easy for him."

The Bruins' test with Indiana is going to provide nostalgia as well as interest. Wooden's roots are in Hoosierland, and Bobby Knight is an unabashed disciple of his conservative approach. He even worshiped at Wooden's clinic last fall where, Indiana followers hope, he learned something about how to beat the Bruins.

For a team that relies heavily on two freshmen guards and two sophomore forwards, Indiana showed remarkable poise



Memphis State's Larry Finch, who dribbled away the clock, runs rings around K-State.

in its 75-69 victory over Marquette and then again in its 72-65 dash past Kentucky in the Midwest Regional at Nashville. Knight was hit with a technical foul in the opener as his team dropped behind by 10 points, but any lack of control stayed on the perimeter that night, as it did against Kentucky's second-half pressing defense when pilsant Indiana bent but did not buckle.

Marquette's troubles actually began on the way to the first game Thursday night. The Warriors, sequestered by Coach AJ McGuire in the small town of Franklin outside of Nashville, arrived late when their bus driver dribbled into unfamiliar traffic and got lost. McGuire never quite got his bearings after that, failing to find a solution to Indiana Center Steve Downing's inside moves.

McGuire admitted later that with several minutes left he resigned himself to defeat, pulled starter Larry McNeill and his son Allie from the game and fretted about avoiding an "incident." "I thought there was no way to win even if we were only four down," he said. McGuire spent the final minutes trotting to half court for what he called "a private conversation" with an NCAA official, joggling the length of the floor to shake hands with Knight after calling a time-out with 10 seconds to go and placating McNeill, who was up and pleading to return to action. "I said, 'Larry, it's over,'" recalls McGuire.



All but the shouting. That came in the other Thursday night game when that Nashville Sound was a lot of a-shootin' and a-hollerin' by Austin Peay supporters. Kentucky needed an overtime and a depressing attitude from AP freshman star James (Fly) Williams to win 106-100. The greenish Williams jived at teammates, loafed at times on defense and gestured for the crowd's benefit. His Hamlet was not appreciated by Coach Lake Kelly, who finally told Williams at halftime of the Saturday consolation game with Marquette that his histrionics would not be needed for the rest of the afternoon.

Kentucky Coach Joe Hall and Bobby Knight sometimes fish together during the off-season, but it was Hall who felt gaffed at halftime of the title game as his team trailed 45-32, thanks largely to a case of fumbling hands and trouble with the nimble Downing. Hall stationed his team in a 1-3-1 zone and Kentucky pressed all over the floor in the second half as the Wildcats rallied for a brief lead before Knight started alternating Quinn Buckner and John Laskowski on a high post, where they either lofted jump shots or fed layups to Downing. After a tie at 63-all Indiana outscored Kentucky 9-2 in the final four minutes to suture the victory tighter than a spinster's pocketbook.

Having gone to court to get into the tournament, successfully delaying probationary action by the NCAA over alleged rules violations, Southwestern Louisiana quickly played itself right out of the Midwest Regional at Houston

and back down to the bayous. Slowed to a canter by Kansas State, the Ragin' Cajuns sulked, and their lethargy resulted in a 66-63 defeat as Coach Jack Hartman wisely had his guards force Dwight Lamar away from the middle, where his shooting is so dangerous.

Memphis State, meanwhile, had been pointing for the NCAA final round at St. Louis ever since junior-college transfer Larry (Dr. K) Kenon enrolled and joined Larry (Tubby) Finch and Ronnie Robinson, the team's other drive shafts. First it was Dr. K, who scored 34 points and took down 20 rebounds in a 90-76 dissection of South Carolina. Then Finch picked apart Kansas State in the title game, capping his 32-point performance with a flashy dribbling exhibition as the scoreboard blinked away the final seconds of a 92-72 victory. "Our kids could smell St. Louis when they got here," Bartow said.

Providence, the winner at Charlotte in the East Regional, very much resembles Memphis State, its first-round test this week. The Friars' Marvin Barnes will be an interesting matchup for Memphis State's front line. Barnes intimidated Maryland in the East title game—won 103-89 by Providence—thus gaining a measure of revenge over Tom McMillen, who was picked ahead of him for last year's Olympic team. And then there is Ernie DiGregorio, the jump shot marvel. Ernie D was very offensive to Maryland. He scored 30 points in 27 minutes before departing with five offensive fouls. Everywhere that Ernie fell, there was Maryland's Len Elmore below him shouting foul. "That Elmore's a great actor," snorted DiGregorio, who now will duel with Larry Finch.

What will happen in St. Louis? Providence is the only one of the final four to have played the Bruins this year. The Friars trailed by just eight points with nine minutes left in that confrontation, but Barnes was mired in foul trouble and Kevin Stacom, who kept things going in Providence's opening regional win over Penn as well as the victory over Maryland, had his worst game of the season. Of course, UCLA has a habit of doing that to people. Memphis State, a team of similar talent, pace and mood, will likely fare no better or worse than

Providence would against the Bruins.

There is a theory that Indiana's discipline is what is needed to shatter the Bruins' lock on the championship. For sure, Indiana is flying high after shipping past stumbling Minnesota for the Big Ten crown. Downing could be the best big man Walton will look at this year. He is very quick inside and strong, but he has little help on the boards. "I've seen UCLA play on TV, and they're awfully good," says Downing. "But, hey, this has been our goal. And now we've got the chance." As others have before them.

Walton remains the key. Without him UCLA would be just another great team. But no one has stopped the big center since that policeman arrested him at a UCLA peace demonstration. Told that Indiana might be expected to slow down the game, Walton scoffed. "Good. If they plan that, you can tell them to save their plane fare."

END



Off the bench and sky high, UCLA zubs Dave Meyers and Tommy Carbo helped rout USF.



OH LORD, HE'S PERFECT

If God were to make the ultimate racehorse, it would be Secretariat, or so they say at the track. He is the world's most expensive animal, one with ideal form and Derby prospects

by PAT PUTNAM

There has been all this talk about the price of gold—\$64, \$73, zooming up to \$86 an ounce—but the most precious commodity in the news right now is a racehorse named Secretariat. Four weeks ago he was syndicated for something like \$345 an ounce. And last Saturday at Aqueduct he made his first start for the international consortium (Americans, Canadians, Irish, French and Japanese) that now owns him. He won the race handily, earning just .0027 of his \$6,080,000 purchase price. At least it was a start and, figures aside, it was an impressive one.

For Secretariat, the Bay Shore Stakes was to be a nice little romp across seven furlongs of slop and then back to the barn for a meal and a massage. From somewhere they found five colts willing to run for second money, and they laid 126 pounds on the giant coppery dude to keep it decent, but at John Campo, the trainer of one starter in the race, said, "The only chance we got is if he falls down." Still Secretariat could race five Sherman tanks and he would make it exciting. He is a majestic brute with great rippling muscles and a showman's flair for romping from far back to win.

"It is not so much that he enjoys coming from behind as that he is trying to stay out of trouble in the early going," says Lucien Laurin, the French Canadian who trains the colt for Mrs. Penny Tweedy and for the 28 other members of the syndicate. (Mrs. Tweedy is the major stockholder in Secretariat with four shares, worth \$190,000 apiece.) Laurin traces Secretariat's reluctance to run with the pack to his first start, when he was bounced around coming out of the gate and finished fourth. Nothing has beaten him in nine tries since, except the stewards, who disqualified him from first place after he shoved a massive shoulder into Stop The Music in last season's

Champagne Stakes. "He never forgot that initial race," Laurin says. "Ever since he holds back. He's a smart horse. A handsome one, too."

And how do you tell a handsome horse from an ugly one?

Laurin frowns. "The same way you tell a handsome man from an ugly one," he snaps, handsomely ending that discussion. But there has been much talk on America's racetracks about how wonderfully formed this animal is. "It was as if God decided to make a perfect racehorse," said Pimlico's Chick Lang not long ago.

To many, the syndication of Secretariat so early in his racing career came as a surprise. He has an excellent chance to become the first Triple Crown winner since Citation in 1948, a sweep that surely would have driven his value up. He is the shortest-price (8-40-5) winter-book Kentucky Derby favorite in decades. But the sale became necessary with the death of the colt's owner, Christopher T. Chenery, in January. The taxes on his estate were staggering. Mrs. Tweedy, who is Chenery's daughter, decided to part with most of the family's prize 3-year-old.

"We didn't have any trouble putting a syndicate together," says Seth Hancock, the owner of Claiborne Farm in Paris, Ky. where Secretariat will go to stud at the end of this season. The previous record price for a horse was \$5,440,000 paid for the English Triple Crown winner, Nijinsky. Hancock's father, the late A.B. (Bull) Hancock, handled that deal.

"Secretariat has the credentials to be a remarkable stallion," young Hancock says. "First you look at performance and obviously his has been outstanding. Only two losses, and one of those to the stewards. The second category to consider is his pedigree. He is by Bold Ruler, the greatest sire we ever had. He led the list

seven straight years. Sons of Bold Ruler have made fine stallions."

Secretariat's mother, a daughter of Princequillo, is Somethingroyal, a bay who was an also-ran in her only start. But what matters is she produced a colt named Sir Gaylord, the favorite for the 1962 Kentucky Derby until he was injured just hours before the race. And he is a top sire. Another son, First Family, won the Gulfstream Park Handicap, and a daughter, Syran Sea, won the Selma Stakes.

Hancock moved on to the third and last category—appearance. "He is a beautiful animal to look at, a great big, strong horse who is unflawed. A real good eye, all legs under him, a good hind leg, a sharp-looker. He's, well, he's a hell of a horse."

It has been suggested that the sudden need for syndication moved Laurin to delay Secretariat's 3-year-old schedule, that a loss down in Florida where the horse trained this winter would have hurt the price. "Not true," Hancock says. "Sure, a loss wouldn't have done any good. But what Secretariat has accomplished already makes him worth the \$6 million. What he does in the future is just gravy. Laurin had expected to race the colt at Hialeah, but when he saw the horse coming around slower than he expected, he just charted a new course."

If all goes well, the new schedule calls for Secretariat to step up from the seven furlongs of the Bay Shore to a mile in the Gotham at Aqueduct on April 7, and then to 1½ miles in the Wood Memorial on April 21. As with his 1972 Kentucky Derby winner, Riva Ridge, Laurin plans to give Secretariat only three races before starting him in the classic on May 5 at Churchill Downs.

Secretariat would be Laurin's fourth Derby horse. His first, Amberoid, ran out of the money. His second, Dike, finished third, losing by just over half a length. Both of these went to the Derby by way of New York tracks, as Secretariat will. Riva Ridge took the Southern route, with races in Florida and in Lexington. "I don't think it makes any difference," Laurin says. "At least I hope it doesn't. You make moves and hope they are the right ones."

For the briefest moment several weeks ago, just as Secretariat was ending his \$8,000 jet trip from Florida to Barn 5 at

continued

Belmont Park, there was a good chance that all of Laurin's plans would wind up in a plaster cast. Or worse. As groom Eddie Sweat was leading the colt from a van to his stall, the leather shank broke. "My God," thought Sweat, sweating, "he's loose." Secretariat tossed his head, snorted, took three tiny steps and then stood quietly while the groom regained control. "Aw, the big dude wasn't going anywhere," Sweat says now. "He was just foolin' around."

Jimmy Gaffney, Secretariat's exercise boy, laughed about the incident late last week. "Sometimes he plays rough. But he don't mean anything by it. He's real nice to gallop. He's sharp going into this race. I predict a track record. He's bigger and better than ever."

Last September, Laurin had a veterinarian measure his colt. Horses' statistics are more difficult to fathom than the metric system but in laymen's terms, Secretariat stood 5'4½" at the top of his shoulder, and his girth (around the tummy) was 74". As a 3-year-old, Riva Ridge had a girth of just 73". The extra inch, of course, is muscle, not fat, and Secretariat is still growing.

"He's bigger and faster," said Gaffney. "On Wednesday morning he worked out as fast as a horse can go. I thought they were going to have to call out the fire department to cool down the track." That workout—three-eighths of a mile in 32½—both pleased and distressed Laurin. He was delighted to know the colt had that much zip but obviously was concerned that the hard work might have tired him. "He's getting edgy, ready to do something," said Laurin. "He knows he's back in business. I can hardly wait for Saturday to see what happens."

Race day broke wet and windy under a blanket of dull gray, and by noon the track was an oval of beige muck. The wind was fierce enough to whip up whitecaps on the infield lakes. A flock of gulls circled forlornly through the gloom of a thickening fog. "I'd rather have had a fast track," Laurin said, "but the colt ran well in the mud last year." He didn't say it, but Laurin must have been thinking that this was a risky way for a \$6 million property to earn back \$16,650. But like a lot of Aqueduct fans, the sun arrived for the fourth race and the day appeared more pleasant than it was.

As usual, Secretariat broke late and then settled into fifth position. As they sloshed around the turn into the stretch, everyone waited for the big colt to make his usual move on the outside. Only nothing happened. "When I decided to take him out," Jockey Ron Turcotte said later, "Champagne Charlie was there. I had to stay put."

Where he was, was in trouble. Ahead was a tight wall of horses—Actuality on the rail, Impecunious in the middle and Champagne Charlie on the outside. For any other horse it would have been a disaster. For Secretariat it was no serious problem. In the stretch the big colt stuck his handsome head between Actuality and Impecunious, hit the afterburner and barreled through. He surged away to win by 4½ lengths, finishing in the moderate time of 1:23½. They should have named him Bronko Nagurski. "Foul," cried James Moseley, the rider on Impecunious, who finished third. "He bumped me." The stewards studied the films and said no way. Sorry.

"Wow!" said Ron Turcotte. "I never knew six million bucks could be so heavy." Or so handsome.



After taking his own sweet time coming out of the gate, Secretariat lengthens his stride as he rolls up the backstretch into contention.



The speedy Ancient Title feels the whip as Linda's Chief (6) moves in a winning surge.

AND HE'S THE CHIEF OF STATE

At Santa Anita, some 24,000 furlongs west of Aqueduct, mild but courteous attention was paid to the announcement that Secretariat had won the Bay Shore. After all, the Kentucky Derby was still seven weeks away and of more immediate concern was the \$69,700 San Felipe Handicap, which had drawn the leading 3-year-olds on the Coast.

Californians must have their Derby hopefuls, too, and they are not beyond adopting horses who winter at Santa Anita but hail from other parts of the land. A few years ago Majestic Prince, as Kentucky a product as bourbon whiskey or the twin spires of Churchill Downs, became the West Coast's choice after a sensational Santa Anita campaign. Last week it looked as if Californians would have to side with an import again if they were to have a serious rooting interest at Louisville.

The favorites in the mile-and-a-sixteenth San Felipe, which served as the final prep for the March 31 Santa Anita Derby, were all recruited in the East. The even-money top choice, Linda's Chief, was bred in Ocala, Fla. by his Albany, N.Y. owner, Neil Hellman. Listed at 6 to 5 was Sham, foaled in Kentucky and also owned by a New Yorker, who had purchased him for \$200,000. The third choice, Groshawk, was bred and raised by a Pennsylvanian. Last fall Hollywood Producer Quinn Martin (*The FBI* and *Cannon*) bought the colt for \$120,000 and moved him West, which somewhat legitimizes California's claim on him.

Actually, as the race developed the state did not do badly. Yes, Linda's Chief won, by an impressive three lengths, but two California-bred sprinters, Ancient Title and Out of the East (Out of the East a California-bred?), finished second and third. Sham performed greenly and ended up fourth just ahead of Groshawk.

If Linda's Chief is not vastly improved, he will have little chance of beating Secretariat later this season. In their only meetings at 2, Linda's Chief went down to defeat, trounced by three and 11 lengths. But since the son of Chieftain headed West under a new trainer, Bobby Frankel, he seems to have flourished. The horse won the San Miguel and then the San Jacinto Stakes in track-record time (a mile in 1:33½). Braulio Baeza now was flying West to ride Linda's Chief. "He may fool people, going a longer distance than he's supposed to," the jockey said. "I'm starting to like him a lot." The colt is by a stallion whose best distance was up to a mile. But this light-bodied brown runs a lot better than he looks.

Frankel was confident of victory last Saturday, though the talk of the West in recent weeks has been Sham, who had won four straight. "I'll win, don't you worry," said Frankel. "Even with top weight of 126 pounds. Now that this colt has learned to rate he may go as far as any."

Frankel, even more than his horse, figures to have a future. He is a refreshing individual who might have stepped out

of *Gays and Dolls*. Last summer he sent out 180 starters at Hollywood Park. Sixty of them won, another 34 were second and 28 more were third—for an astounding 122 out of 180 runners in the money. At the current Santa Anita meeting, racing against superior stables, Frankel has won 26 of 119 races, only three fewer than Charlie Whittingham, the country's leading trainer the last three years. Since Frankel took over Linda's Chief, the horse has won four of his five starts.

The San Felipe is often a good guide to what might happen in the Santa Anita Derby, but due to some misadventures, that may not be the case this spring. When the gates opened, Ancient Title, who had upset Linda's Chief in the San Vicente, took the lead. Baeza placed his mount perfectly behind the pacesetter but Groshawk and Sham were held back. Don Pierce on Groshawk began his serious move at the half-mile pole but the effort was mistimed. A sixteenth of a mile from home Groshawk turned sluggish and leg-weary. Meanwhile Laffit Pincay on Sham had been saving ground along the rail. At the top of the stretch Pincay drove for a hole, but the opening closed just as his horse reached it. Pincay switched outside and when he did Sham moved well, but by then the race was over.

Despite the excuses, it would seem that Linda's Chief is the best in California. Ancient Title and Out of the East, sons of the swift Gummo, are expected to drop out of contention in the month ahead as the distances lengthen out. Sham and Groshawk are bred for classic routes and should improve.

But nothing is settled, that's for certain, not even that Linda's Chief is Kentucky bound. He will appear in the Santa Anita Derby and then in the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields. "The colt has had a rough winter," says Owner Hellman. "Maybe now we should slow down. I've never had a Kentucky Derby starter, but all too often I've seen good horses come out of that race not so good. I wouldn't want that to happen to Linda's Chief."

"Why go to the Kentucky Derby?" asks Trainer Frankel.

On the other hand, why not?

—WHITNEY TOWER



RISE OF THE UNDERGROUND TOUR

All you need are your clubs, your nerve and—here's the rub—your cash, and you, too, can lead the life of a big-money pro. There is more than \$10 million to be earned on a brand-new golf circuit by GWILYM S. BROWN

Last Sunday before a gallery of 28,000 spectators a relatively obscure pro named Jim Colbert won the Greater Jacksonville Open and pocketed a check for \$26,000. Colbert was pro golf's showcase winner of the week. Hardly anyone noticed, but the three even less familiar figures at left—Bob Ford, Gary McCord and Jim Barker—were also handed first-place checks last week. They were winners in a suddenly widespread, highly lucrative underground world of tournament golf, a phenomenon not yet a year old, but which in 1973 will outstrip the highly visible showcase circuit of Nicklaus, Trevino, Palmer *et al* in total prize money.

Ford, McCord, Barker and a collection of more than 1,000 other might-be and never-quit-ers, players who have not yet qualified for the PGA's major league of golf or players who have tried it and not prospered, are competing for purses that this year may reach the staggering total of \$10 million, compared to the \$8.5 million of which the big tour is so proud. The secret to it all? The players themselves put up the prize money.

This new pro golf phenomenon does not even have a name yet. It is being called the mini-tour, but it is certainly not mini nor is it a tour, since each of its many divisions, so to speak, remains in a central location. Perhaps perma-tour would be a more appropriate title, or immovable feast.

Call them what you will, perma-tours have spread like crabgrass. In less than 12 months they have begun to sink flourishing roots into such seemingly and

sport venues as Tampa and Crystal River, Fla., Valdosta and Decatur, Ga., San Antonio and Austin, Texas, Anaheim, Calif. and Grossinger, N.Y. The events are drawing covetous glances from ambitious amateurs eager for pro experience, land developers seeking profits and publicity, and some skilled performers from the big tour who have fallen on lean times. Its most enthusiastic supporters even harbor the far-out notion that someday the perma-tour will rival the big tour and change the entire lifestyle of professional tournament golf.

The perma-tour formula is simple: you bet on yourself. Basically it is nothing more than a sweepstakes. Initially a promoter will recruit golfers, usually from 150 to 175, who are willing to pay a sizable entry fee, one that ranges from \$1,250 to \$7,000. The promoter then provides a series of weekly tournaments—anywhere from four to 20 or so—for prize money that can total as high as \$100,000 for a 36-hole event, with as much as \$12,000 going to the winner. The usual restriction is that the entrants must not have won sizable amounts of money on the PGA tour.

The first perma-tour was launched last May in Tampa by a local golf pro, Glenn Peoples. Peoples is a 41-year-old Tampa native who has prospered in golf, real estate and other investments. He not only has good business sense, he has a lively imagination. Two years ago he thought he saw a way to fill a vacuum that existed within the world of competitive pro golf.

"There were 468 golfers attempting to qualify regionally for the PGA tour's playing school last year," says Peoples, "but only 25 ultimately earned their cards. That leaves an awful lot of frustrated guys looking around for a place to play until they can try to qualify again a year later."

Peoples' solution was a series of 20 weekly, two-day tournaments for \$20,000 each to be played on two Tampa courses. And his innovation was the surprisingly accurate presumption that the contestants themselves could be asked to fully underwrite the project, prize money and all. The tournaments, therefore, would not need to rely on such PGA tour necessities as commercial sponsors, television contracts or even spectators.

To get things started, Peoples sought help from two business friends, both executives with a Florida development company called Sunstate Builders. Sunstate is supervised by the Ervin Company, a North Carolina-based developer, which, like Sunstate, is a subsidiary of American Cyanamid. Peoples' friends were Sunstate's board chairman, DeWitt Thompson, an enthusiastic golfer who seldom breaks 100, and Sunstate's president, Matt Jetton, who seldom even plays. Both expressed considerable doubt that enough young players could afford Peoples' projected entry fee of \$7,000, but Peoples' sights were set on bigger game as the source of revenue: wealthy backers for the pros. He conjured up the clean-cut image of Tampa's Eddie Pearce, then one of the best amateurs in the country and a likable, attractive youngster of 20.

"Both of you would be happy to put up a little money to sponsor Eddie in something like this," Peoples said, "and the same will be true for local favorites all over the country." Convinced, the two Sunstate men anted up \$10,000 each and became partners with Peoples in what they called National Tournament Golf Association, Inc.

Peoples circulated word of his proposed venture by taking out full-page four-color ads in the weekly *Golf World* and by hiring two former touring pros,

Three for the money in one amazing week: Bob Ford (upper left), a winner in Tampa; Gary McCord, who picked up a huge \$9,800 in Huntington Beach, Calif.; and Jim Barker, who rallied from the weeds in Lake City, Fla.

continued

Gordon Jones and J.C. Goose, and a retired school administrator, Tim O'Brien, to talk up the project at the small sectional tournaments in Florida.

There was an immediate response from all over the country. Peeples received 800 written queries and phone calls. But the flow of confirmed entries was not quite so overwhelming. On Tee Day—May 1st of last year—Peeples had only 61 paid-up contestants. But when the NTGA proved it was for real the roster began to grow. By the time the first 20-week session drew to a close, 109 golfers (the additional 48 on a prorated basis) were competing for their own money. The list included a smattering of former touring pros, like Goose and Jones, plus such outstanding amateurs as Jim Simons, Tom Kite and Pearce. Now, for the first time, a large number of young pros had a chance to groom themselves for the major leagues.

Not surprisingly, the NTGA has proven to be a fruitful pro tour spawning ground. Of the 25 playing cards issued at the PGA Qualifying School at Napo, Calif. last November, eight went to golfers who had sharpened their games in Tampa earlier that summer. This list included Simons and Kite as well as some lesser knowns, Tom Jenkins, Larry Stubbsfield, Greg Edwards, Andy North, Mike McCullough and a tall, blond graduate of San Diego State named Lon Hinkle, who had stopped by in Tampa at midseason on his way home from a visit to an uncle in Miami, found a sponsor in J.C. Goose and stayed to play.

Hinkle won only \$2,200 in 12 weeks with the NTGA, but in his first PGA tournament, the Heritage Classic at Hilton Head, S.C. last November, he tied for third and earned \$7,350.

"Tampa was absolutely the best thing that ever happened to my game," says Hinkle. "I got a chance to play with all the guys who thought they were any good. I got to see what the competition might be like before getting out here on the PGA tour."

Even Simons, who led the 1971 U.S. Open after three rounds, who was near the lead halfway through last summer's \$250,000 Westchester Classic, and who is no stranger to high-level competitive pressures, gained what he considers valuable training during his nine weeks in Tampa. "It was good to be exposed to the constant pressure of knowing that

missing a short putt here and there might mean the difference between making \$1,000 or \$500," he says. Simons won \$10,948 in Tampa.

For such players the perma-tour is schooling for the big things ahead, but for others it can be an end in itself. For instance, last summer's leading money winner at the NTGA with \$21,169 was Terry Catlett, who had twice failed to get his card at the PGA school. Catlett is back again in Tampa this winter. A similar case is John Beetham, a young Californian who has become the roving apostle of the perma-tour. Last summer Beetham won \$18,106 in Tampa, then went on to San Antonio where he earned \$7,600. He is now playing in still another perma-tour, this one back home in Yorba Linda, Calif., where after 10 weeks he has won \$11,120.

Another dedicated perma-tourist is 23-year-old Bill Calfee, an All-America college golfer from Maryland. Calfee gave up a career in mortgage banking and went to Tampa last spring when Peeples himself volunteered to be his sponsor. He played with only modest success in the NTGA's first session, but in the second he is the leading money winner with \$19,232 after 17 events.

"If it wasn't for something like this I would never have turned pro," says Calfee. "I knew I wasn't ready for the tour and I'm not sure now I even want to try. This doesn't have the glamour of the PGA tour, but the heck with the glamour."

And then there is Orville Moody, the 1969 U.S. Open champion, who for three years had been on a long slide into oblivion. He ranked 126th on the 1972 PGA money list. Late last year Moody joined the perma-tour series being run in San Antonio, primarily to try and get his game back into shape. He won three of nine tournaments and \$25,445, and did not even stay for the final week. Now Old Sarge is right back in the groove. Two second-place finishes have helped him win \$43,000 already on the PGA tour this year. The experience has proved so gratifying that Moody has reinvested some of his recent winnings in an Austin perma-tour called the Lago Vista Classic, which he will help promote.

Its initial success immediately inspired a flock of imitators, but Tampa still leads the way. It had a full field of 175 players competing for \$550,000 during its

second 20-week session, which ends this week. Starting April 23rd, Peeples has planned four consecutive 10-week sessions that will dwarf everything that has gone before. Each Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the NTGA will host a \$100,000 tournament, and on Thursday and Friday a \$60,000 event. That figures out to \$6.4 million over 40 weeks, all to be played for by a horde of unknowns. It's enough to give even Jack Nicklaus pause.

"At first we were frankly in this to make money, but now our attitude has changed," Peeples says. "Each of us has become attached to the project and to the kids that come here to play. The truth is, the NTGA is just breaking even."

Which is not to say that money is not being made somewhere, directly or indirectly. Peeples, Thompson and Jettison have, for free, transferred ownership of the NTGA over to Sunstate Builders, with Peeples continuing as tournament director. Sunstate's board chairman, Thompson, who must answer also to the stockholders at the Ervin Company and, ultimately, American Cyanamid, considers the NTGA project as a powerful promotional tool and a sufficiently sound investment to have sunk \$1.25 million of Sunstate's money into the purchase and refurbishment of the Quail Hollow Golf and Tennis Club north of Tampa, where most of the rounds are played.

But if Tampa is off to the fastest start, others are galloping up from behind. The PGI-Four Seasons Tour in Valdosta has completed two seasons and has scheduled a \$1 million series for San Diego this summer. Anaheim is currently in the midst of a \$525,000 competition, and Decatur will host tournaments next month where the purse will be \$150,000 for five weeks. San Antonio has finished its winter session and plans another this spring. The perma-tour at Lago Vista gets under way next week, and this summer a group calling itself the Professional Golf Classics is planning to put on a perma-tour in New York's Catskill region. The Florida PGA is sponsoring a 16-week session that will pay \$640,000. And others may soon be joining the action.

Is the PGA scared, angry, concerned, delighted? PGA tour commissioner Joe Dey views the new trend with benign in-

continued

"I reckon I come by my tennis game naturally. My daddy had one of the best backhands you ever saw. He used to give me the back of his hand regularly. No, the truth about tennis is that it's really good for you, and it can be a heck of a lot of fun. I really don't even care that much about whether I win or not. I just hate for some guy to make me look bad."


It'll be tough for anyone to

to make Don and his friend (or you, for that matter) look bad wearing something from the new Grand Slam® tennis line by Munsingwear. In addition to new fabrics and designs in shorts, you'll find lots of different colors and patterns available in shirts and sweaters. Anyone is sure to find the perfect match. At pro shops, better department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

"Actually I'm a pretty fair tennis player. Which is a whole bunch better than being an unfair tennis player, don't you think?"

— Don Meredith



munsingwear 

Munsingwear, Inc., 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003 • 212 Wad 584-51

PRESENTING THE
BUICK CENTURY REGAL.



The new Century Regal is different from any other luxury car Buick has ever built.

It's not as big.

Except when it comes to flair. Then it's the youngest looking, acting, feeling Buick ever.

With the quality Buicks have always had. And with solid

engineering features you always expect in a Buick.

Like Buick's unusual directional stability system called AccuDrive. A special time-modulated choke for quick starts. Computer selected chassis springs for consistent ride and handling. Front disc brakes.

All standard.

And the available interior gives a level of luxury that matches the biggest Buicks built.

The new Buick Century Regal. It's a different Buick.

For a different life style.



**Wouldn't you really rather
have a Buick?**

seret. "Anything that gives these fellows a chance to compete is wonderful," he says, "but I don't see it as ever becoming a threat to the major tour. The essential difference, of course, is that on our tour the players are competing for someone else's money. In these things, it's their own."

Dey thus suggests the perma-tour's major weakness, the fact that, to borrow the historian's phrase, it may carry within itself the seeds of its own destruction. It is not possible, given the distribution of prize money now in use, for more than about 20% of the players entered to break even or come out ahead. This means that 80% are losers. Not many losers, or their sponsors, will want to try more than once or twice. So the supply of players might run out, like fresh candidates for a chain letter.

This possibility does not alarm Peeples, who feels his NTGA can stay in the game as long as golf pros like to play for money. "In a way Joe Dey and his tour haven't taken care of the needs of golf," he said recently. "Too many fine players are shut out. There must be a better way. I see outside sponsors like Black or Pepsi-Cola becoming involved so that the players put up less and less to play for more and more. I see telecasts of the tournaments each week. If the PGA would help out, I can see this as the logical way to qualify for the pro tour."

"But what I really see in the end is not a pro tour at all, just three or four regionally oriented things going on simultaneously around the country, with the top players vetting out from time to time to meet in six or eight major championships. Don't you think something like that would appeal to even a Jack Nicklaus?"

To augment this second coming of tournament golf, Peeples and Thompson are dreaming up tentative plans for the construction of a multimillion-dollar golf resort—four courses, houses, motels, condominiums, the works, all owned by Sunstate—for which the NTGA and its tournaments would serve as a glorious promotional showpiece. It could serve as a supreme monument to the perma-tour. Unless, of course, it turned out to be a white elephant. Which is fitting, for isn't that the perma-tour game? You put up your dough and you take your chances.

END

**What
could
these
two
athletes
possibly
have in
common?**



Riddell's 16-inch Softball League or the pros, every player worth his salt is worth Riddell Baseball Shoes. We make them with the same loving care as our football shoes which are bought and worn by more pros than all others combined. The big difference is that our Riddells are running when you step into them. That's because our exclusive action-last shapes the shoe in a running position instead of a walking position like the steel lasts used to make most other baseball shoes. And with our distinctive Patented Snug-Tie™, Riddells hug your feet. Your Riddell Dealer has 6 models, Molded Sole or Spikes. For artificial or natural turf.

RIDDELL

...who else?

Riddell, Inc.,
1151 W. Roscoe
Chicago, IL 60657

The Brain.

Tired of missing great photos? Yashica has solved your problem with its exciting new SLR—the TL Electro—the electronic camera experts call The Brain. Because its solid-state exposure system guides you to perfect pictures, shot after shot. See the TL Electro at your local Yashica dealer, today.



YASHICA
ELECTRONIC CAMERAS...
It's a whole new thing.

YASHICA Inc. 50 17 Queens Boulevard, Woodside, New York 11377

GETTING IN A LAIR WITH A BEAR



Though he often finds his hands full, Lynn Rogers thinks nothing of climbing into an occupied den. In fact, he has ventured into more than a hundred cubbyholes in recent winters

by **EDWARD HOAGLAND**



us for a long while. They are coated for living on windy ridges or down in swamps and hollows, and even snowmobiles can't get to them during the winter because they are under the snow.

Probably the most ardent investigator of black bears today is Lynn Rogers, a 33-year-old graduate student at the University of Minnesota who for four years has been climbing into and out of occupied dens in the pursuit of data. He works in Isabella, Mann. (once called Hurry Up, until a leading citizen renamed it after his daughter), a logging town near the Canadian border. The logging is fading now as aspen grows in place of the old stands of white pine, but the place is bursting with bears. On a seven-mile stretch of highway near Rogers' headquarters 30 were shot one year. But that was before the townspeople became uninterested in his work; now they let the bears live.

Though Rogers weighs close to 200 pounds, in the woods whatever is lumpy drops away. He moves quickly, running a dozen errands at once, searching for plants whose leaves will match the unknown leaves he has been finding in bears' scats, examining a nearby rubbing tree for hairs left on the bark since his last check. If he is lost in his jeep in a tangle of old logging roads, Rogers gets a radio fix on the closest collared bear and figures out where he is. If he is near one of them and wants a glimpse, he lifts a handful of duff from the ground and lets it stream lightly down, to test the wind before beginning his stalk. He may find a bear hunting frogs, or watch one surprise a wolf and pounce at it. Then suddenly he will climb an oak tree to taste the acorns on top, spurring up the branchless trunk without any spikes, his hands on one side pulling against his feet on the other. Lost in the yellow fall colors, munching bear food, he shouts happily from the tree, "What a job this is, huh?"

Where wolves, for example, have fabulous legs to carry them many miles between kills, bears solve the riddle of survival by denning. This does away with the harsher months of the year. Although a bear's breathing slows by one-half and its metabolism subsides enough that it loses only about 5% of its weight a month (half the rate at which the bear would lose weight during ordinary sleep), its

continued

Bears appeal to a side of us that is lumbering, churlish and individual. We are touched by their anatomy because it resembles ours, by their piggishness and sleepiness, by their very aversion to everything about us except our garbage. Where big tracts of forest remain, black bears still do fairly well. They have a simple vegetarian diet, supplemented by insects, fish and carrion, and the grizzly's prickly ego is absent in them; they are secretive woodland animals that stay under cover and do not expect to have everything go their way.

What they do need, though, is space—from two to five square miles just to gather their food, and units of at least 50 square miles of wilderness for their wanderings and social relations. In this day and age such a chunk must be land that has other uses. Loggers are going to be cutting on parts of it, boy scouts will be holding encampments, canoeists will be paddling the rivers and hunters and hikers will be encroaching it. But black bears, like coyotes, seem willing to co-exist. They give promise of being with

temperature does not fall much below normal while it is in the den. This distinguishes bears from true hibernators like bats and woodchucks and means that they can give birth in the security of the den and that a bear can defend itself in at least a rudimentary way if attacked. Its sense of danger is reduced—the carefully surreptitious visits Rogers makes to dens go off with a minimum of fuss—but there, in its easily defended hole, it could deal even with a pack of wolves.

Males sleep alone but a female has the company of her cubs—generally there are two or three. They are born in the winter and den with her again the following winter; then, when they are slightly more than a year old, the family breaks up. The female breeds again, but by the device of delayed implantation of the ova her new cubs are not born till mid-winter, giving her a respite. The cubs are remarkably tiny when they arrive, weighing just over half a pound apiece, or half what an infant porcupine weighs. Their eyes will not open for 40 days, but, since they are so small, the cubs aren't much of a drain on their first-time mother when suckling. Like baby apes, they have a long period ahead of intimate maternal association, an intimacy that will help make them far more intelligent than most mammals.

Bears scrape out a depression for themselves under a pile of logs, a rock ledge or a fallen tree, usually pulling in a layer of dead grass and leaves for insulation (paying a high price in heat and weight loss if they do not). The adults look in fine shape when they emerge in mid-April; with their winter fur they appear to be fat. But they rapidly thin in those first weeks as they tramp about trying to find something to eat. In Minnesota they break a path to the nearest aspen stand, climbing and riding down the young trees to bite off the catkins at the tips of the limbs. They sniff out rotten logs under the snow and bash them apart, devouring the insects that have been hibernating there. A mother will take her cubs to a tall tree, such as a pine, and install them on a mound of warm earth at its base, which she scrapes on the south side, nursing them, sending them scurrying up the tree whenever she goes off to search for food. Then, when the spring grass sprouts, the family begins to thrive.

The coating of fat that bears wear

much of the year is of indirect use to them. If they are shot, it blocks the flow of blood, making them difficult to trail, and their flat feet, too, leave less of a track than the sharp feet of other game. They are good survivors and, if they don't insulate their dens or choose a sensible location for themselves, they probably will come through the winter all right anyway: the snow, melting from the heat of their bodies, then freezes into an igloo around them, complete with a breathing hole. If the complicated physiology by which they are supposed to fasten at an accelerated rate in the fall doesn't accomplish this (sometimes a mother gives so much milk that she stays thin), they muddle through nevertheless, just as orphaned cubs do if they must winter alone without denning instruction. The only dead bear that Rogers has ever found in a den was a 19-year-old female which at that extremely advanced age had given birth to two cubs; the babies had milk in their stomachs but appeared to have been killed during her death throes.

In the past four years Rogers visited 106 dens, first observing the bears' autumn rituals, then later crawling inside. Of course he has an advantage over biologists studying other wildlife just because bears do den. He can go right to any bear wearing a functioning radio and, after tranquilizing it, attach new batteries, good with any luck till the following winter Rogers can equip the yearlings with radios before they leave their mothers; and the habit of denning makes bears of any age easier to trap. Rogers' traps consist of two 55-gallon barrels welded together and baited with meat, and the bears, far from finding the contraptions claustrophobic, crawl comfortably in. Occasionally, when an animal is too bulky for the barrel trap—as happened last summer when Rogers was trying to recapture a 455-pounder—he sets foot snares.

Wildlife biology used to be hit or miss. Rogers' predecessors in the science would hog-tie a trapped bear once in a while and clap an either cone on it, then proceed to take weights and measurements. From dead animals they studied parasites. Sometimes a bear was caught and tagged to see where it would travel before a hunter shot it, or it might be color-marked so that it could be recognized at a distance, or transported and released somewhere else to see if it

thomed. Every state's game department insisted on going over much the same ground with these prankish experiments to maintain its sovereignty.

In the late 1950s tranquilizers began to be employed, and radio collars a few years later. Now even turtles and fish are saddled with transmitting equipment, and there is talk of substituting a microphone for the beep signal in the case of certain outspoken creatures like wolves, and recording their histories vocally. Some experts don't use such tools, suspecting that the hallucinogen in the tranquilizer, the obtrusive handling of the animal while it is immobilized, and having to wear a bulky collar may alter its personality and fate. But Rogers is a believer. He says that bears get used to the radio collars within two days and they are large enough animals to carry sufficient batteries to keep the radio working for a long period. In Minnesota Rogers has captured 183 different bears, some many times (one a day during the best of the summer); earlier, in Michigan, he assessed an catching about 125. Flying 400 hours in 1972, as much as his budget allowed, he made over 3,000 aerial fixes on his bears. Of the 37 he put radios on in the winter of 1971-72, he could still monitor 18 on a daily basis in late September, locating some of the others whenever he wished to pay his pilot extra for a longer search.

To place all this in perspective, the state of New Hampshire, for instance, until recently had only one bear trap, a converted highway culvert that was trundled out three or four times a year. The game wardens got so excited when it was used that two of them would sleep overnight in a station wagon parked close by so as to be there when the door clanged. Before Rogers' program began, the most sophisticated set of figures on territoriality for black bears in the United States had been drawn from the state of Washington, where 17 bears had been studied.

At Rogers' cottage the phone rings constantly with reports of sightings, friends recognizing his tags and collars. Everybody in the area keeps an eye out the window for bears crossing fields. Rogers likes these people and talks to them endlessly about bears, bears, bears. His wife Sue, a former schoolteacher, loyally wears shirts with big bear tracks painted on them, climbing up her back,

continued



The Smirnoff Daiquiri.

(A modest invention.)

We were caught recently with an unexpected hankering for something different. Thumbed through a recipe book and decided on the daiquiri. The recipe called for a liquor we never use. So we improvised, and discovered the Smirnoff Daiquiri. While it's not completely original, it is a rather nice twist on an old standby.

You might try it one day when you feel like something slightly newfangled.



To make a Smirnoff Daiquiri, shake 2 oz. Smirnoff, 1/2 oz. lime juice and 1/2 tsp. sugar with cracked ice. Strain into chilled glass.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.*



New Honda Family Plan. The ST-90.



At Honda, we want everyone to discover just how much fun motorcycling can be. And we mean everyone. Mom. Pop. Even the grandparents.

So we've built a bike everyone can ride and enjoy—the new ST-90.

What kind of bike is it? Well, it's a trail bike and it's a road bike. Not too large or too small. Just right. The engine's an 89cc four-stroke with an overhead cam. It's a model of Honda reliability. It provides plenty of power for a nice easy cruising speed of 45 mph on the open road. Good torque for climbing woodland trails.

That road/trail versatility of the Honda ST-90 shows up in other ways, too. The heavy-duty front and rear suspension smooths

out rut and pothole equally well. And the U.S. Department of Agriculture-approved spark arrestor/muffler design helps make it safe for the country and quiet for the neighborhood.

Riding the ST-90 is simplicity itself. Automatic clutch—a touch of the foot is all it takes to shift into one of the three gears. Sure front and rear brakes. Quick ignition cutoff switch.

No complications transporting the ST-90 either. It's lightweight and the handlebars swivel for easy packing.

But perhaps the best feature of the ST-90, you can't see. It's the feeling of security that comes with owning a Honda. Not only are Hondas (except racing models) backed by strong written warranties, but those warranties are

backed by the largest network of motorcycle sales and service centers in the country. And those are all full-service dealerships. Staffed with motorcycle specialists. Well stocked with a large selection of bikes and parts.

The new Honda ST-90 is waiting for you and your family at one of these nearby Honda dealerships now. You'll find it in the Trail Bike section. Just look for the bright green "Trail" symbol.

There are many worlds of motorcycling to be discovered at your Honda dealership—Road, On/Off Road, Dirt, Minibike, as well as Trail. All are represented by colorful symbols. All are exciting. All are fun. And one is right for you.

HONDA
From Mighty to Mini, Honda has it all.

For safety, we recommend that you always wear a helmet and eye protection, keep your lights on and check the local laws before you ride. For a free color brochure, write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. QK, Box 50, Gardena, California 90247 ©1993 AHM.

crossing over her shoulder. She is witty, and a great help to him, pushing Rogers as she might urge on a student who is talented but disorganized. The data keeps pouring in, by now he has a network of methods set up to collect it in addition to what he personally gathers every day. One has the feeling that without Sue the study would strangle in congestion.

In his blue wool cap, with wrinkles around his eyes because of the polar weather he's seen, shuffling and blundering and abstracted, he is a touching figure, a big Viking first mate proud of the fact that he can lift a 240-pound bear alone. He kisses his wife as he starts out, one pocket full of his luncheon sandwiches, the other with hay-scented packets of scats he forgot to remove after yesterday's trip (they smell pleasant enough, and he likes carrying them as boys like carrying snakes).

One typical morning last fall a call informed Rogers that some grouse hunters had illegally pumped enough bird shot into a bear caught in one of his foot snares at a dump to kill it, so he went to autopsy it. He recognized it as the mother of two cubs that apparently had run away. The bear's feet were cut from stepping on broken glass and one of its ears had been half torn off years before. While Rogers was working, the hunters who had shot the animal showed up, hoping to claim the skin. They were rough-looking, stometers, and the witnesses to the killing, who were also grouse hunters, were afraid to identify the culprits until after the men had left, which they naturally did just as soon as they heard Rogers talking about getting the law after them. When the witnesses felt safe enough to enlighten Rogers (after they had tied the gutted bear to their car), he could hardly believe that men could be so chickenhearted. He bawled them out, threatened to take the bear back, went home and telephoned all the game wardens around.

That day Rogers drove to several other dumps, gazing up at the white gulls and black ravens wheeling above, perhaps a rather desolate sight to most people, with the papers strewn around and the beer cans glinting, but not to him; he imputed how his bears weave their long heads looking up at the birds. He told all kinds of stories—cheery stories, wretched stories. Somebody in Isabella had gushot a bear with a .22, and the

creature took five months to die, finally going from den to den in the middle of winter, in far too much pain to be able to sleep. It died in the open snow, having shrunk to 90 pounds.

The next day when one of the newly orphaned cubs was caught in another foot snare, Rogers had a chance to tag and weigh it. Many questions remain about how orphaned cubs fit into the pecking order of the area with no mother to lay out and defend a territory for them. All summer Rogers had been in radio contact with the offspring of a bear a poacher had killed in June when the cubs were not long out of their mother's den. In a slow, haphazard fashion, presumably scuttling up trees when a wolf or another bear appeared, they found their way around doing quite well for themselves until a Duluth, Missabe and Iron Range train killed them. They had begun by eating their mother—perhaps could not have survived otherwise, since they were unweaned. One may imagine them at first simply scratching at her udder in order to reach the milk that was curdling inside.

For as much as six hours a day Rogers jounces about in the jeep on logging trails. Then he goes up with his pilot for another four hours, the plane standing on one wing most of the time in tight circles over a succession of bears. The bear project is funded by several disparate organizations, including the Big Game Club, the National Rifle Association and the American Forest Institute, and cautious pilots cost the project money. They won't circle tightly and low, but Rogers has found a young man who is paying for his plane with bear-study money and is daring enough. The biologist, wearing a headset and homing in according to the relative strength of the beeps in each earphone, directs the pilot by hand signals. Sometimes the beeps sound like radar chirps and sometimes like the pop-pop-pop of a fish-tank aerator.

The earphones work even better on the ground; as he listens, Rogers can distinguish not only the bear's movements across humpy terrain but its restlessness during a thunderstorm, its activity when it tears apart logs for ants and when it is den-building. On his best day he live-trapped seven bears, and once in the winter he handled five bears in one den—four yearlings and their mother.

Like many outdoorsmen, Rogers was

sickly as a youngster. He had asthma in school, couldn't roughhouse and was kept indoors—the teacher would give him a chance to tell the rest of the class what birds he had recognized out the window while they had been playing. When he was feeling better, he and a friend used to jump from tree to tree or swing on long ropes like Tarzan, until Rogers took a bad fall and was hospitalized. The boys swam during the summers, plunging into deep ponds and kicking their way underwater along the runways in the mud looking for snapping turtles, whose meat they sold in Grand Rapids for a dollar a pound. They would never leave off exploring a pond where the fishermen told them there was a monster fish until they had determined whether it was a great six-foot pike—he still laughs remembering the times when it turned out to be only a large carp.

When he had grown up and was working as a postman, Rogers went through one Michigan winter without wearing an overcoat to see if he could tough it out. For some reason he also attracted dogs, and hordes of them would congregate about him, following him for hours on his rounds. In the afternoon he sometimes carried the littlest ones back to their homes in his pouch.

Another day Rogers began by flying for several hours, locating almost all of his bears that wore functioning radios, and then on the ground, as a check of his methods, went to three of these fixes and confirmed visually that the bears were indeed where he'd marked them. He shot a grouse for supper and drove to Finland, a town south of Isabella, to check on bear No. 320, a female he had already located more than 200 times for his studies of territoriality. The bear goes to the town every fall to eat the acorns—the only such acorns around—remaining till the snow is thick before hurrying 20 miles back home to dig her den. "What a job this is!" Rogers said again, pointing out balm of Gilead, climbing an oak, identifying birds, and halting by the side of the road and jumping up on the roof of the jeep to do a sweep with his antenna and earphones in case another bear was near.

He spoke of the animals' diet. Some weight tests were amazing. One of his bears grew from 89 to 255 pounds in a year; another gained 95 pounds in 42 days, ending up at 380, and *still* crawled

continued

This steering wheel is made 'specially for moms...

And dads. And sons. And daughters.



Tilt-Wheel Steering and Tilt & Telescope Steering. Either is perfect for medium moms, full-back fathers, stringbean sons and diminutive daughters. Each can adjust the steering wheel to suit his individual size, shape and driving posture.

To start, the wheel swings up, out of the way, for easy entry. Then, you move the wheel up or down (Tilt-Wheel) or up, down, in and out (Tilt & Telescope) to achieve your most comfortable position even while driving. Which helps you arrive more rested and relaxed.

Tell your GM dealer you want your new car equipped with Tilt-Wheel Steering or Tilt & Telescope Steering. Either can help put you in a more comfortable position while you drive. And a more lucrative one when you trade. Saginaw Steering Gear Division, General Motors Corporation.

SAGINAW TILT-WHEEL STEERING
TILT & TELESCOPE STEERING



IN A LAIR *reviewed*

into a barrel trap, getting so stuck Rogers had to stand the barrels on end and lift them off to free the poor fatty. Despite all the good food available, and the fact that his bears face little hunting, Rogers finds the average age of the population is only about 4½—just about the same as biologists calculate for much more severely hunted places like Vermont, where almost a quarter of the bears are shot every fall. Bears don't mature sexually until they are four, which, combined with the circumstance that the females breed only every other year, gives them one of the lowest reproductive rates of any animal. Now that his research has extended through several years, Rogers has reached the point where bears that he handled as infants, then watched play king-of-the-mountain on their mothers' backs, are themselves giving birth.

From his plane in the fall Rogers photographs the terrain in color, delineating the zones of vegetation, which he can map and compare with his radio-marked bear ranges for the same area. This indicates not only the habitat and food that bears prefer, it shows which logging practices of the past benefited them and which did not. He charts what they eat in each 10-day period of the year, drawing on the evidence of scats, his walks and sightings from the air. No bears scavenge at dumps so much that they cease depending upon wild foods, but many visit dumps intermittently, either as a sort of lark or when the wild staples fail. In the early summer their diet is salad—vetch, clover grass and pea-vine. They also dig out grubs and burrowing hornets, clean up wolf kills, eat dandelions, strawberrines (the first of the berries), then bilberries, thimbleberries, chokeberries, rose hips, haw apples, wild plums, hazelnuts and dwarf dogwood. Raspberries, although abundant, are not eaten in the quantities one might imagine, maybe because they grow singly on the cane, but bears do feast on blueberries in midsummer, pausing only for a week or two to give closer attention to the berries of the wild *saxatilis* plant.

In Michigan and New England the bears stay aboveground into November, eating nuts in the hardwood forests and apples in derelict orchards. But in Rogers' wilderness the last crop eaten is the fruit of the mountain ash—red berrylike clusters. By October most of the bears

continued

If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Billie Jean King won't brush with anything else?



Where she rules, Billie Jean King is a tightly controlled figure of skill, energy and concentration. But off the tennis court, with her husband and friends, her natural warmth and spirit flow effortlessly. Billie Jean likes people. That's why she brushes with Colgate.

Colgate is made for people who like people. Clinical test results show it freshens breath as long as a leading mouthwash. And the taste is brisk and clean.

Only your dentist can give teeth a better fluoride treatment than Colgate with MFP. But a great cavity fighter can be a powerful breath freshener, too.

Ask Billie Jean King. She wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



Colgate with MFP..the breath-freshening cavity fighter.

have picked their dens and are pattering around, sleeping more and more, letting their bodies wind down, though a few large males journey to the shore of Lake Superior, where there are resorts with sizable dumps, and eat till the snow covers their food, not until then making tracks back. When a bear finally stops eating and its intestines are empty, a seal forms across its anus, putting a period to the year.

When he is trying to enlist somebody's support or is testing applicants who want to help him, Rogers generally goes to one of his dens. The student gets down on his hands and knees and looks into the troll-like crevice where mushrooms grow on the floor. Whether or not there is still the smell of a bear inside, there seems to be, and it reminds one of humble hideouts that a boy might run away to—and digging to China, and bottomless cracks in the earth.

Whenever he gets near bears in the flesh, Rogers comes into his own—deserve, direct. Where other biologists explode the tranquilizer into the animals with a dart gun, leaving a wound, perhaps knocking them out of a tree so that they are killed, he does almost all his injecting by hand. The sows stand chuffing at him, slamming their paws on the ground to scare him, but he runs at them, stamping his feet, and stampedes both sows and cubs into separate trees. Then he climbs up and sticks the needle into their round rear ends before lowering them one by one by a rope as the drug takes effect. Approaching a bear denned under the snow, he slips off his parka so that it will not squeak as he crawls. Wriggling forward, he carries a flashlight in one hand and the syringe in the other, often fastened to the end of a stick. If the bear is awake and panics and begins coming out, Rogers rolls quietly to one side of the entrance and crouches there, poking the bear with the drug as it lumbers past; it can't get far. Sometimes the bears make a blowing sound like a man loudly cooling soup, a warning that Rogers takes to heart only if it is accompanied by a lifted upper lip—this being a true giveaway of belligerence. "It's like driving in town. You've got a traffic light to tell you to stop." But

usually the bears stay bocalmed, resting in their nests, merely snuffing the syringe when it is presented, making no more objection to the prick than to an anesthetic bite. Rogers' worst problems are with the weather. There are days when he has to break trail on snowshoes for his snowmobile, sometimes for miles. Often he must put the needles and vial of drugs in his mouth to warm them. The tubes of blood he collects are placed inside his shirt.

For his blood-tapping and temperature-taking he must drag the bear out, and if there are cubs he deals with them, sometimes squeezing into the farthest recesses of the den but finding them unresisting once the mother has been subdued. Newborns have blue eyes and pink noses. He listens to their hearts, measures their fur and then wraps them in his parka until he is finished working on the mother. He pulls a premolar from her, which, when cross-sectioned, will supply her age, and he also takes a blood sample. The bears are all right in the cold, even knocked out, though in the summer they sometimes need to be bathed in cool water after putting in the trap. When Rogers finishes, he replaces the family just as it was, wrig-

gling inside the den, hauling the cubs and the mother in after him, adjusting her posture and limbs so that she will wake up feeling natural.

In late September Rogers checks denning places. This is while the ground is still fairly clear of snow—he memorizes how to find a spot later by lining up nearby trees. No. 414's den last winter was under a clump of boulders, 15 feet back through a passage from the entrance. No. 329's was under a bulldozed pile of birch the loggers had left. A few miles away a female was preparing a small basket-shaped hideout under the roots of a white pine, from which, like a hurrying, portly child, she sneaked, circling downward to identify the intruder before clearing out. A male was hollowing sleeping quarters under a crosshatch of windfalls just above a swamp.

In a penine clearing Rogers photographed three bears eating and obtained some scats. He tasted bear delicacies as he walked about, spitting out prickly or bitter leaves. He tasted rock tripe and pointed to moose and wolf tracks. In one of his traps was a young bear, chopping its teeth and clicking its tongue. Rogers answered with the same sounds, and when he let the bear loose it bounded toward the woods like the beast of a children's fairy tale, with a big rolling derrière, a big tongue for eating, and pounding feet, its body jackknifing into the shape of a boomerang.

The dogwood was turning purple now, the aspens golden, the plum bushes red, the pin cherries brown, and the birches and hazel and thimbleberries yellow. There was pearly everlasting, and blue large-leaved aster still blooming in the woods, and sweet fern. Rogers plucked and crushed in his hands to smell. Alders had grown higher than the jeep on some of the roads. "Doesn't have too much traffic," he said.

He seemed very impressive, this student of wild food and smells, this scholar of garbage dumps. Starting out in the morning, while the ravens and gulls whirled above him, he would scan the far line of trees for any bear that might be beating a retreat. This admirable animal catcher, because his bears liked dumps, he did, too. **END**



BEARS FASCINATED LYNN ROGERS EVEN AS A CHILD



Many champions are born and then unmade.

A kid is an athlete. Even the tiniest kid. Maybe he doesn't call his games basketball or football or tennis, but he goes at them hard all day long: running, jumping, climbing, tumbling around.

That's why Converse makes P.F. Flyers.® We're an athletic shoe manufacturer and we think

a young athlete's first shoe should be as athletic as he is.


We know a kid needs the fit and support and feel of athletic shoes as much as big time athletes do. That's why he needs P.F.'s by Converse with exclusive Posture Foundation® wedge and arch cushion to take all the hours of hard-driving

exercise a kid puts in every day.

P.F.'s alone won't make a champion. But they won't unmake one. And that should be important to you.

Get them off on the right shoes.



P.F.s by  **CONVERSE**



RIDING FOR A FALL

Most Grand National entries are destined for disaster—some even for death—but for more than a century Aintree's challenge has spurred jockeys and their mounts to extraordinary heights

by **CLIVE GAMMON**

A virulent wind with rain on its tail comes cutting across the South Lancashire plain laden with heaven-knows-what poisons from textile plants and chemical works. This is some of the most abused land on earth, the agglomeration of small manufacturing towns that fuse the cities of Liverpool and Manchester into one dreary lump. A curious place to hold the world's greatest steeplechase, on a green patch bounded by decaying suburbs and newer, even more hideous, high-rise apartments. To the south, the estuary of the Mersey empties greasily into the Irish Sea.

Driving to the track from half-Irish Liverpool, you pass bulldozed slums, their half-standing walls dashed with gut slogans of the Northern Ireland troubles. NO POPE HERE, HANG PAISLEY, JOIN THE IRA, VOTE PROTESTANT. A difficult environment to triumph over, even to ignore, but Aintree manages it. You turn off A56 and are soon in a verdant world that still remembers the gallant Captain Becher who was leading the field in the first Grand National in 1839 when he fell at the sixth fence—a high, rough, jagged hedge with a six-foot-wide brook—and gave his name forever to the jump (left).

Becher's Brook is full this cold spring morning on the eve of the 1972 race. There have been rainstorms for three days, yet the turf is still springy and full of life. The finest sod in the world, any jockey will tell you, and not simply because only one meeting is held in most years at Aintree: the Liverpool Spring Meeting, culminating with the Grand National over four miles and 856 yards.

Thus morning young Frank Turner is undergoing the ritual of walking the course. He is a 21-year-old jockey, very pale and in his best suit. Every word he says is contradicted by the way he looks.

continued





"I'm looking forward to it," he declares in a strangled voice. "I'm feeling great. I'm going to have great fun." Meanwhile, he is looking fixedly at a jump even bigger and meaner than Becher's, the towering Chair Fence, a six-foot open ditch combined with a thorn fence of 5'2" dressed with spruce. In spite of his name, Turner's English is heavily accented. He has lived all his life in Italy and now it is Italian pride that is pushing him on. Tomorrow he will be riding Lisnardee, Irish-bred but, as he firmly points out, the first Italian-owned, Italian-ridden horse to enter the National. "It's going to be on Italian TV," he tells everybody. The thought seems to cheer him.

"What we'll have to give this fellow before the race," says Eddie Hartly firmly, "is a Liverpool Cocktail. Half orange juice, half champagne with a load of glucose in it."

"No thank you," replies Turner. He keeps his arms very straight and stiff by his sides.

"Geraway," says Hartly, "it'll do you good. I always took one before the race. Or a couple. An hour beforehand to give the stuff a chance to settle down." Hartly won the Grand National in 1969 on Highland Wedding. He is a small, buttoned Irishman, no longer a steeplechase jockey. He smashed an arm and severed a nerve in it at Cheltenham five months ago. Now he is taking a fatherly interest in Turner.

"I wish he'd take that glass of champagne," says Hartly as the young jockey walks ahead. "He is overcontrolled, just like I used to be when I started. But I learned to relax. The night before the race I always went out for a haircut, then I'd have a couple of glasses of wine with my dinner. But then I never had a weight problem like some of the lads who'll be sweating it out tonight in the Southport Turkish Baths."

Turner waits for Hartly to catch up. "The fences in Italy are bigger," he says proudly and then admits, "but you can jump through them." The two men move around the course, disregarding the smoke pall over Liverpool and the railway siding that flanks Becher's Brook.

Mirabel Topham is queen of Aintree and all the surveys. Ever present is the day to cart away the unfortunate. Bookies look for the fortunate, and you can bet your boots a no-tie man will be relaying odds.

They identify the 16 daunting and historic obstacles that will face the enormous field of 42 riders in the morning, enormous but not as huge as the record year of 1929 when 66 horses started. Neither are the hazards quite as fierce as they were. Since 1890 it has not been necessary to cross plowland on which, in some years, turnips grew. The biggest change came in 1961, following insistent protests over the number of fallen horses that were killed or had to be dispatched. Until then, the fences rose straight up, at a 90-degree angle, but for the 1961 National they were sloped on the takeoff side so that the horses had a couple of extra feet in which to gain height.

But a midair view of Becher's still can turn a jockey's heart as he sees the drop on the far side. The Canal Turn remains a brutal right-angle twist coming just after a fence: riders misjudge the curve when they try to save ground. And even now Valentine's (named for a horse that, spectators swore, stopped dead at it, made a lunge and wriggled across on its belly to win a bet for its owner in the National of 1840) knocks down tired horses on the second time round.

So the auxiliary services that are assembled on race day are very necessary: seven ambulances for the jockeys, the horse ambulance with its interior cradle for those animals that will recover; and, more sinisterly, the antique beer dray, drawn by two cart horses to carry off the carcasses of fallers that must be shot on the track. Mounted police sit like statuary on big, dock-tailed boys alongside the fences.

Those at Becher's Brook are surprisingly talkative and cynical. "Not much of a thrill for us, watching horses. Got our own, haven't we? Spend five hours a day with them, don't we?" says a young one with heavy features. "But you do get a bit of a giggle when some of those fellers come off their mounts," he concedes. "Brightens the day a bit. And you need brightening up when you know Mrs. Topham has got her binoculars on you, waiting for you to take a crafty smoke so as she can report you to the superintendent. And then you'll see her on the telly giving lumps of sugar to the police horses, the old..."

"Watch it, Dennis," says the other half of the peaked-cap pair. But Dennis is not alone in finding it hard to love Mirabel Topham, now an efflorescent 80,

an ex-showgirl who inherited Aintree from her husband. Mrs. Topham has battled bookmakers, the BBC (which was forced to broadcast her highly amateur commentary on the National while the question of copyright was fought out) and racing authorities who, until a few years ago, technically refused to acknowledge that she existed, on the grounds that she was a woman. As far back as 1964 Mrs. Topham tried to sell Aintree for housing to provide, she said loftily, "a substantial contribution to the social needs of Liverpool and its neighborhood." The asking price was \$2.5 million but Lord Selson, deputy of the National Hunt Committee, had a High Court order issued that prevented her from disposing of the land for any purpose other than horse racing or agriculture. The legal wrangling continued through the 1960s. Each Grand National was said to be the last and, true to tradition, on the eve of the 1972 race in a television interview Mrs. Topham declared that this was the finale. (In fact, the 1973 renewal will take place on March 31.) Mrs. Topham invited offers of around \$6.1 million, the cost of living having risen somewhat in eight years. Failing a British offer, she said, her agents would be instructed to advertise in the United States.

Bob Pitman will ride Lime Street. His horse is 25 to 1, lower odds than they look when one considers that three out of four Grand National runners will not finish. "You couldn't build this course anywhere else, could you?" he demands. "The race could never be lost, could it, because the public would... well, there would be a national appeal. Like when they wanted to export that oil painting by Titian."

For a well-regarded steeplechase jockey like Pitman, the National dominates the jumping season. "At the beginning you have your eye on four or five possible rides," he says, "but by Christmas a couple will have dropped out. Then, when you know your ride, you start fancying your chance. Trouble is, in the National everybody else does, too. But the more times you've been round, the better. I've ridden at Aintree three times and once was second."

"There's no other race like it. There's a great spirit. If you were riding you would hear all the chit-chat the first time round when you're taking it as relaxed

continued

as you can. You'll find yourself alongside some amateur and you'll say 'Becher's coming up, youngster; it's small, don't worry.' It's crazy to go for medals on that first circuit. You just hunt around it, taking everything steady. It's over the last mile and a half that you go hard. If you're still on.

"I've seen things in the National that you would never see in another race. Like a man falling off backward with his arms stretched wide and the lads on either side dragging him back into the saddle. It's dangerous though, and nobody wants to look for more danger even though there's £75,000 [about \$65,000] coming to the winner.

"My first time, a horse alongside me refused and shot his jockey over his head, right over the fence. The lad jumped the fence on his own. He landed on his feet, running like hell with 40 horses behind him. He got about 10 yards before he was mown down."

A photographer approaches. "Oh, no, not you, please," says Pitman, covering his face. The photographer grins and walks off. "I'm not superstitious," Pitman says, "but three times he's snapped me this season and every time I've come off my horse in the next race."

The morning gathering at Aintree is thinning out and there are more than 24 hours to go before the race, but already Ron Barry, from Limerick, is bitterly disappointed. He had been set to ride Red Sweeney, the favorite. "We looked at him yesterday morning," Barry says, "and he was just a little bit lame, you know? Only a bruised foot. In a day or two he'd be over it. But we couldn't change him. He's been withdrawn." The Liverpool morning paper had reported the rider was in tears when he heard the verdict. The papers always exaggerate, someone suggested. "No, they were right for once," Barry says, wandering off in the direction of the County Stand.

Like most of the tatterdemalion buildings at Aintree, the County Stand hardly lives up to the upper-set sound of its name. The paint is peeling and you get the feeling that maybe, after all, Mrs. Topham is serious about selling. "It is a very *démocrate* meeting," says the police inspector who looks after the press, seeking to excuse the general shabbiness. If the National meeting has any tone at all, the place to seek it is the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool, a rococo relic of

the Age of Steam. It was built over 100 years ago, before Southampton displaced Liverpool as the terminal for transatlantic liners. Here, beneath massive chandeliers and gilded ceilings, first-class passengers gathered until it was time for the train to London.

Now the Adelphi's glories are faded, its clientele mostly somber businessmen. But during the Liverpool Spring Meeting the hotel explodes. On Thursday of National week racing journalists of magisterial authority like Clive Graham of the London *Daily Express* hold court in the cocktail bar, and owners, trainers and jockeys gather. It is an evening for greeting long-lost friends. Miss Virginia Guest appears, so svelte that it is hard to believe it is no more than 12 hours since she made a spur-of-the-moment decision to fly from New York to watch her father's entry, L'Escargot, compete. The horse is now the favorite. Sipping a vodka and tonic, Miss Guest is a lot more self-possessed than young Frank Turner, who is still drifting around refusing all refreshment. He goes to bed early.

By 8 p.m. on Friday the noise in the bar is approaching the decibel level of the buses grinding along outside on Lime Street. The first large contingent of Irish has arrived. Many more will come over on the night ferry from Dublin because the Irish have always been deeply involved in the race. Even for the first National a five-foot stone wall was built on the course to make Irish chasers feel at home. As usual, there are numerous Irish-trained entries, well-fancied horses like L'Escargot, Black Secret and Money Boat and, well, others like The Pooka on which bookies have been offering 500 to 1. The Pooka is owned by Mr. C. Ross, trained by Mr. C. Ross, and ridden by Mr. C. Ross, a farmer in Mullingar, County Westmeath.

Cecil Ross, of course, is part of the tradition of the race. Fox-hunting farmers invented steeplechasing, a sport born, it is said, after a blank day in the hunting field when one frustrated horseman suggested to another a race to a church steeple, which could be seen in the distance peeking above intimidating fences. And it is one of the glories of the present race that there is still room in it for men like Ross who might have taken part in that first steeplechase.

He is a tall, rawboned man of 32 who is riding overweight at 144 pounds. Ross is a bit on the defensive about

The Pooka, whose Irish name means a large, ill-intentioned, lubberly fury: "He's fresh. At least I think he's fresh. He's a big, quiet, sensible horse and he has fallen only once in his life. And he's clever. Very, very clever. We can't do anything more than hope, can we?" It has cost Ross \$750 to come over with his horse, his wife and his brother, and he is riding in his first National. "I walked the course a couple of years ago and thought it wasn't too bad. But I walked it again this morning and changed my mind. I'm not brave. I wish it was over." In spite of the odds there is a lot of Mullingar money riding on The Pooka and there will be a big crowd around the television in the Greville Arms at 3:15 p.m. on Saturday.

Neither Cecil Ross nor any of the other jockeys are around late Friday evening to see Eddie Hart's humane but doomed attempt to revive a pair of kippered herring in the highly oxygenated waters of the Adelphi fountain. His wife Pat—black-haired, sharp-eyed and very Dublin—looks on indulgently, knowing that for the first time in nine years Hart does not have to worry about what time he goes to bed on the eve of the National. For the first time in all those years she is relaxed, too. "It's an awful thing to say," she confides, "but when he got his fall at Cheltenham, I was delighted because he couldn't ride again. He would have done something dreadful to himself in the end. He's broken so many bones. He found a lovely, easy way to get disabled for good.

"I hate this trip but Eddie was saying last night he wanted to make Aintree a yearly thing. I'd rather watch flat racing on the telly. I wouldn't even want to own a horse in the National, and I never want the tension again that I had on race days. When he won on Highland Wedding, I didn't see most of the race. I didn't want to, so I locked myself in the ladies' loo. A very nice attendant hammered on the door and shouted, 'Come on quick, he's winning, he's won the race!' Then I passed out."

At breakfast at the Adelphi on race morning there are numerous pale faces poring over the betting daily, *The Sporting Life*. Late wagers are going on Well To Do, tipped by Clive Graham in the *Express*, and on Gay Trip, the winner in 1970, but the heavy money is still concentrated on L'Escargot. The day is cold

continued

Gourmet originals.

The original Chicken Tetrazzini.

Unfortunately, opera star Luisa Tetrazzini is more famous today for this creamy vegetable and spaghetti dish than for what, no doubt, inspired it. Her incomparable swan song. What's more, if a shortage of swans about 1920 hadn't forced a last-minute recipe change to chicken, today we'd all be enjoying Swan Tetrazzini.

The original Steak Tartare.

This delicacy probably began with Genghis Khan's roving hordes about 1100 A.D. Meat stored under their saddle bags shredded. And was eaten raw. Heated debates still rage over this, our hamburger's ancestor. Specifically, whether ancient history might have been altered if there had been a Burger Queen in Genghis's hometown.

The original Lobster Newberg.

About 1890, Delmonico's Restaurant (N.Y.C.) honored one of its best patrons, Mr. Ben Weinberg, by naming this creamy lobster sauce dish, "Lobster Weinberg." One evening, however, a bitter quarrel erupted. And thereafter, Mr. Weinberg's name was mud. The dish fortunately was retitled something slightly more appetizing.

The original light Scotch.

Usher's Green Stripe. For years, gourmets everywhere have been singing Usher's praises. In fact, it may have been present when the curtain went up on Mme. Tetrazzini's masterpiece. For Andrew Usher had already composed this superbly light original about 67 years before. Since 1853, Usher's. From soup to nuts—above the rest.

Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original.

Born a copy of Usher's "Gourmet Originals" recipes, writer: Recipes, Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., 20, Boatswain, Louisville, Ky., 40202.



Congratulations.
You've just given birth to a 10½ oz. Pussycat.

Nice going, America. We knew you could do it. Make the world's most playful drink. The Early Times Pussycat. The delicious orange-sweet sour that mixes up as quick as a cat. All you need is a little "Bar-Tender's Instant Pussycat Mix," Early Times and a splash of water. But don't just take our word for it.



Mix yourself another. Better yet, mix up a whole litter of Early Times Pussycats. And have a party. Ask for Instant Pussycat Mix at your favorite food or liquor store. To get a set of 4-10½ oz. Pussycat glasses & 4 packets of Instant Pussycat Mix,* send \$2.95 to: Early Times Pussycat Glasses, P.O. Box 378, Maple Plain, Minnesota 55359
*offer valid only where legal - limited time only

AINTREE *continued*

and wet with the same nasty wind that has been blowing all week. Wise punters are saying that the heavy going will be too much for little Gay Trip, who stands only 15.3 hands and will carry 163 pounds.

At the track, wide open to the gale, it is a penance to get out of the car, and the bookies are huddled under huge green umbrellas waiting for the occasional bettor to venture into the lashing rain to place a wager. In the primitive press box, where it is necessary to stand, there is plenty of room at the front; people jostle to get near the color TV in the corner on which various pundits, including Eddie Hurty, are sorting out the prospects. Aintree looks desolate. The crowd is thin on this appalling day, at least by National standards. About 20,000 have gathered. Television has brought to an end the great prewar crowds, up to half a million, that used to watch the National. Even the gypsies selling white heather and tips in little envelopes are subdued, and the grassy embankment near Becher's Brook looks almost empty.

The gloom over the course lifts abruptly when the horses parade from the paddock, and the hush is a tribute to this simple and utterly effective *coup de théâtre*. Cecil Ross stands out, taller than most of the jockeys, in canary and green silks. Binoculars pick up Tommy Carberry on L'Escargot in chocolate with blue hoops, and champion jockey Terry Biddlecombe on Gay Trip in white and blue with scarlet-hooped sleeves. Somewhere in the line also is Frank Turner on Lisazee, but there is little time to pick him out. The huge field is lining up and they are off in a roar that is turned dull and leaden by the rain and wind. "Hunt around it the first time" is what all the jockeys say, which is fate in theory, but they come up to the first fence in a bunch, the first that is meant to be easy, a mere 4' 6" of thorn fence dressed with gorse, just a rounded fence nicely presented on the straight. But it claims two horses right away, Saggart's Choice and Gyleburn. Then another plain fence, and then the third, the first of the open ditches. Here L'Escargot goes down and a lot of money with him. The field recedes in the misty rain. It is easy to lose them in the binoculars and one is tempted to glance back at the television. But picking them up again is easy, too; just look for the line of white

continued

**These are
the first cigars
guaranteed
to taste
as fresh as
on the day
they were
made.**



Garcia y Vega

Look for the Garcia y Vega logo on the box. Garcia y Vega Cigars are made in Cuba.

A NEW DIMENSION FOR TEACHERS

With museum authorized Alvacasts® your students can reach out and touch the arts and artifacts of every period and civilization. These meticulously made and highly durable replicas are superb teaching tools for art education, social studies, world history and the humanities.

Several teaching kits and replica collections are available, all at liberal school discounts. For literature, please write on your school letterhead.

ALVA MUSEUM REPLICAS, INC.
30-39 Northern Boulevard
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101
(212) 392-6700

A subsidiary of Time Inc.



More people use Desenex® to help stop Athlete's Foot than any other remedy.

DESENEX® is America's number one Athlete's Foot preparation.

That's because anti-fungal Desenex contains a medically-proven formula that has successfully helped millions of sufferers. And the number gets bigger every year.

To help heal Athlete's Foot, use Desenex Ointment at night and Desenex Powder, or Aerosol, during the day. When Desenex is used routinely, continued protection against fungous infection is assured.

To fight Athlete's Foot, or prevent its recurrence, use the preparation with the best track record of them all—Desenex.



Also available in Solution form.

Desenex
BANCROFT

© 1978 Pharmacia Division, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Tretorn on your heel means more comfort on the court.

Pillow-soft and crafted of supple leather, Bancroft/Tretorn Tennis Shoes are unbelievably comfortable and good-looking.

Between you and shock is a thick, full innersole. Lateral vents keep you cool. Through-the-tongue lacing keeps the tongue where it belongs. Tongue is padded for snug, comfortable fit.

And instead of rubber the shoe has a cellular-foamed sole. Which makes Tretorns as much as 25% lighter than many sneakers. Grips light for traction, too, without picking up court dressing.

For sheer comfort and good looks, Tretorn can't be matched. Also in canvas in men's and women's sizes at better sporting goods shops and shoe stores everywhere. Bancroft Sporting Goods Co. Bancroft Court, Woonsocket, R.I. 02896. Denver-West Tretorn Inc. 20430 Tilden St., Carson, Calif. 90746.



Bancroft
TRETORN

AINTREE a tradition

ambulances driving parallel to the track. They are needed at Becher's: on the two circuits, nine horses refuse to come down.

Now riderless horses are becoming a menace. Loose chasers take the lead tearing at the fences, utterly confident with nostrils flared until seconds before the jump when the confidence drains and they cut hard to left or right in the path of oncoming riders. But there is no escalating crash, as there was in 1967 at the 23rd when the 27 remaining horses of a field of 44 smashed in a melee from which Foamavon emerged alone to build up an impregnable lead.

In 1972 there is attention rather than spectacular disaster. The Chair claims three. By the beginning of the second circuit only 12 jockeys are seated and racing, and Fair Vulcan has been leading the field for two miles. He goes down this time at Becher's and suddenly there is the realization that strong, clever The Pooka is moving well and Cecil Ross is only a couple of fences from home. But tragically for Cecil, though mercifully for a lot of punters who are recalling with anguish the 500 to 1 they could have gotten on the horse, The Pooka falls at the 24th. There are four horses fighting it out—Well To Do, Gay Trip, Black Secret and General Symons—when it comes to the last demanding test of Aintree, the 494 yards uphill to the winning post. Halfway there it becomes clear that Well To Do, on the inside, is going to beat the gallant, heavily handicapped Gay Trip; he wins by two lengths. An utterly grueling, utterly characteristic National, its justification still the same as when the racing correspondent of the *Liverpool Courier* wrote wordily but truly in 1839: "All men of ardent feelings love moderate danger for the very excitement it produces and the intrepidity which it brings into action."

Two postscripts. Frank Turner got as far as Becher's the first time round and fell so magnificently, with such style, that he made the lead picture in the sports pages of *The Sunday Times* next day. On the evening of the race he was seen in the Adelphi swinging his arms.

Cecil Ross departed for Mullingar happily on Saturday night, having sold his underestimated The Pooka for \$11,115 just after the race.

Sunday morning the Adelphi breakfast room was nearly empty. END

**Chrysler makes it easy
to leave your everyday world behind.**



Get away from the noise, the crowds, the rush/bustle of the workaday world. Forget the pressure, tension and hectic pace.

Chrysler makes it easy to leave it all behind. And enter a refreshing new world.

A world that's yours and yours alone as a speedboat slicing into a wave. Or sizzling with the excitement of a speeding pair of skis kicking up a spray.

Take command of the watery world that awaits you. It's easy. With Chrysler.

Chrysler Hi-Performance: Engineered to make things easy.

Get away from the everyday—for a day. Head for the horizon. Water ski. Fish for the big ones on the outer limits. Chrysler's Hi-Performance line of dependable 1973 outboards makes it easy.

Five exciting outboards, starting with the 3-cylinder action of the



70 and working up to the most horsepower you'd want to hang on most any popular-sized boat—the sizzling 4-cylinder 130. In between, you've got the 85, America's most powerful 3-cylinder outboard, and two more 4-cylinder models, the 105 and 120.

They're all Chrysler engineered to make things easy. Easy starting with Magnapower C-D ignition. Easy going with a new remote-

control cruise range indicator for maximum economy, a new fastback leg design with big 14" prop capability, and cleaner, more attractive styling. Easier servicing with new integrally designed 2-stage fuel pump, too.



They're also easy on the environment. Complete fuel recycling helps keep the water clean, and super-silencing helps keep the peace and quiet.

And if you're the kind of boater who likes the ultimate in easy operation, Chrysler's Power Trim/Power Tilt option adds a new dimension of performance to the Hi-Performance line. Tilt and trim functions are at your instantaneous command, operating off a single switch.

Power Trim lets you trim motor under power for optimum performance and Power Tilt allows you to raise it full-up for beaching, trailering, or shallow water operation at low speeds.





HI-PERFORMANCE SPECIFICATIONS

	130	120	105	85	70
Cert. BIA hp. @ rpm	130 @ 5250	120 @ 5250	105 @ 5000	85 @ 5000	70 @ 4750
No. of Cylinders	4	4	4	4	3
Piston Displacement, cu. in.	96.55	96.55	96.55	72.39	72.39
Net Weight, lbs.	250	248	248	221	221
HP Range—full throttle	5000-5600	5000-5500	4500-5500	4300-5500	4400-5100
Ignition	Magnapower	Magnapower	Magnapower	Magnapower	Magnapower
Amp. Output @ rpm	10 amp. @ 4000	10 amp. @ 4000	10 amp. @ 4000	10 amp. @ 4000	10 amp. @ 4000
No. of Carburetors	2	2	2	2	3
Std. Prop Dia. X Pitch Number of Blades	13 x 17, 3	13 x 17, 3	13 x 17, 3	13 x 15, 3	13 x 15, 3

Chrysler makes it easy to get family plans off the ground.

If fishing's not fast enough and racing's not your style, Chrysler has a complete choice of mid-range power that makes it easy to plan your kind of family fun.

These Chryslers will let you go the limit from ski to cruise, from wide open to trolling speed. And you've got a pick of power ranging from 35 to 55 horsepower in 24 different models.

Over the years Chrysler 35's have proven themselves consistent winners in national APBA powerboat racing. The versatile 45 provides high performance at a medium price. And the 55 offers the highest BIA-certified 2-cylinder horsepower rating you can get. Anywhere.

Underneath those handsome new fiberglass hoods, Chrysler Mid-Ranges are engineered to make life easy with new features like built-in rear handles for easier tilt up, new upper gear housing for more efficient cooling and on integrally designed fuel pump for easier maintenance. And the 45 and 55 are available with Magnapower C-D ignition, Chrysler's exclusive ignition system that assures quick starts even in freezing temperatures or with a weak battery.

And, of course, they're all Chrysler engineered to take it easy on the environment. With greatly improved silencing to keep things calm and fuel recycling and dripless carburetors to keep the water clean.



MID-RANGE SPECIFICATIONS

	35 MAGNAPOWER	55	45 MAGNAPOWER	45	35
Cert. BIA hp. @ rpm	35 @ 5250	55 @ 5250	45 @ 4750	45 @ 4750	35 @ 4750
No. of Cylinders	2	2	2	2	2
Piston Displacement, cu. in.	44.7	44.7	42.18	42.18	35.9
Net Weight, lbs.*	151	148	151	148	148
RPM Range—full throttle	5000-5500	5000-5500	4600-5100	4600-5100	4400-5100
Ignition	Magnapower	Batt. Mag.	Magnapower	Batt. Mag.	Batt. Mag.
Charging System	Alt.	Alt. None	Alt.	Alt. None	Alt. None
No. of Carburetors	1	1	1	1	1
Std. Prop Dia. X Pitch Number of Blades	10-3/8x12- 1/2:3	10-3/8x12- 1/2:3	10-3/8x12- 1/2:3	10-3/8x12- 1/2:3	10-3/8x11- 1/2:3

*alternator model



Chrysler makes it easy from every angle.

Everything's easy with Chrysler Lo-Profiles. Their low, transom-hugging design makes it easy to cast a line in any direction. Their light weight makes them easy carry-outs. Fold-up-down tillers make them easy stowaways. And features like curved, weed-free legs, self-releasing choke and no-shearpin props make them easy to enjoy.

It's the only full line of lo-profile outboards on the market. With 6, 8, 9.9 and 12.9 horses to choose from. The goingest, quietest, most compact power on the water.

The Lo-Profiles are powered to do the job, whether it's quiet, steady trolling, bringing a sailboat back to shore, moving a fisherman to his favorite spot fast, or just plain fun-running. Chrysler's shallow-water drive keeps you going in as little as six inches of water. And the forward-neutral-reverse gearshift and front-mounted controls make for easy handling.

And even though the Lo-Profiles are lightweight and compact, we still found room enough to build in Chrysler's fuel recycling system to help make your boating good clean fun.

Chrysler's big little 3.6-hp "Swinger" is proof positive that good things come in small packages. Just 33 lbs., the very portable

"Swinger" is nevertheless loaded with outstanding features: simple air-cooled design with water-cooled exhaust, stainless steel shaft; dripless carburetor; heavy-duty prop hub and shearpin, 360° pivot

steering, self-relieving choke, built-in carrying handle, and much more. It's perfect for breaking in the youngsters, unbecomingly a sailboat or getting the canoe or rowboat back upstream.





LO-PROFILE SPECIFICATIONS

	12.9 AUTOELECTRIC	12.9	9.9 AUTOELECTRIC	9.9	8	6	3.6
Cert. BIA hp. @ rpm	12.9 @ 3000	12.9 @ 3000	9.9 @ 4750	9.9 @ 4750	8 @ 3000	6 @ 3000	3.6 @ 4500
No. of Cylinders	2	2	2	2	2	2	1
Piston Displacement, cu. in.	13.62	13.62	13.15	13.15	10.2	8.99	5.18
Net Weight, lbs.	77	59	74	56	49	47	30
RPM Range— Full Throttle	4500-5500	4500-5500	4300-5200	4300-5200	4500-5500	4500-5500	4000-5000
Fuel Tank—w/ Gauge	6 U.S. gals. steel	6 U.S. gals. steel	6 U.S. gals. steel	6 U.S. gals. steel	6 U.S. gals. steel	6 U.S. gals. steel	Integral 7 U.S. pints
Propeller Drive	Shearproof spine	Shearproof spine	Shearproof spine	Shearproof spine	Shearproof spine	Shearproof spine	Shear pin
Std. Prop Dia. X Pitch Number of Blades	8-1/8 x 8-1/4:3	8-1/8 x 8-1/4:3	8-1/4 x 8-1/4:2	8-1/4 x 8-1/4:2	7-1/2 x 8-1/2:2	8 x 3: 2	7-1/2 x 4-1/2:2

Want a little more power for a lot more fun? Chrysler's new 25 and 30 make it easy.

Boaters have been looking for a modern outboard in this power/performance/price range for years.

Now Chrysler makes it easy for you with two brand-new 2-cylinder outboards that let you do a lot more on water. Surprisingly lightweight and compact, they still pack enough punch to take you fishing one minute and skiing the next. Combined with the quiet-running 20, you've got a wider choice of power than before.

And they're loaded with Chrysler-engineered

features that make the going easy. Heavy-duty components. Water-cooled heads. Full gearshifts. Integrally designed 2-stage fuel pumps. Push-to-stop buttons. All topped off with handsome fiber-glass hoods with built-in tilt handles.

The 25 and 30 are both available in manual and electric start models with standard or long shaft. See them at your Chrysler Crew dealer today. Then try one on your transom tomorrow.



30 25 20 SPECIFICATIONS

	30	25	20 AUXILIARY	20
Cert. BIA hp. @ rpm	30 @ 5000	25 @ 5000	20 @ 5000	20 @ 5000
No. of Cylinders	2	2	2	2
Piston Displacement, cu. in.	29.99	28.37	19.96	19.96
Net Weight, lbs.	113	105	100	79
RPM Range—full throttle	4500-5500	4500-5500	4500-5500	4500-5500
Ignition	Magneto	Magneto	Magneto	Magneto
Charging System	None	None	Starter-generator	None
No. of Carburetors	2	1	1	1
Std. Prop Dia. X Pitch	10-3/8 x 13-1/2	8-1/2 x 10-3/8	8-1/2 x 8-1/2	8-1/2 x 8-1/2
Number of Blades	3	3	3	3

FREE.

At your Chrysler Crew dealer's.

**The 1973 Buyer's Guide:
"How To Buy The Right Boat"**
Everything you ought to know about
boats. Before you buy.

- The right boat for your needs.
- What to look for in boat construction.
- Extra equipment you'll want to have.
- Choosing the right motor and trailer for your boat.

MARINE PRODUCTS



**CHRYSLER
CORPORATION**

The Chrysler Crew makes things easy for you.

45 more good reasons to see your Chrysler Crew dealer.

Your nearby Chrysler Crew dealer's is the place to go for 1973's largest selection of dependable outboards. But you'll also find his showroom stocked with a wide choice of sleek new boats, a free booklet on buying boats and an offer to save \$1.50 on Chrysler Crew T-shirts.



Conqueror 5-111
Chrysler's hot one. 16'6" center line length with a 92" beam and super-powered with a 340-cu.-in. jet or I/O. Push appointments throughout add to your boating pleasure.

Check out Chrysler's fast-moving fleet and discover a whole new world of ways to kick up a spray. Bowriders. Runabouts. Cruisers. Fishing boats. Sail boats. Utilities. And sport boats like the sizzling Conqueror 5-111 shown here. Chrysler has them all — 45 models strong! And every one

is fitted out with quality Chrysler features.

Your Chrysler Crew Dealer can put you on the water with the right boat and the right power. When you're searching for boating enjoyment, let the Chrysler Crew make things easy for you.

FREE!

24-page book tells all the facts:
"HOW TO BUY THE RIGHT BOAT"

If there's any question in your mind about boat buying—size, type, price, construction, financing, power or whatever—get the facts objectively in this exclusive book. No obligation. It's free at your nearest Chrysler Crew Dealer's.



SAVE \$1.50!

Get Chrysler Crew Shirts
For Your Whole Crew!

Quality cotton T-shirts with Chrysler Crew emblem. Specify sizes S, M, L, or XL. Send name, address, check payable to Chrysler Corp. to Chrysler Crew Shirts, P.O. Box 916, Detroit, Mich. 48201. Send \$3.00 ea. or have a Chrysler Crew dealer sign his name on this ad, enclose it with your order and pay only \$1.50 each.

MARINE PRODUCTS



**CHRYSLER
CORPORATION**

The Chrysler Crew makes things easy for you!

PEOPLE



◆ **Denny Abramowicz** led the New Orleans Saints in pass receiving every year from 1967 until '71, but he was recruited as a thrower for this year's Mardi Gras. Reigning as *Romulus*, the first king of Rome, Abramowicz tossed doubloons to the crowd from a Mardi Gras float, and gained new respect for quarterback. "I threw more than 3,000 doubloons," he says. "My arm was about to fall off."

The Detroit Tigers' **Frank Howard** stands 6' 7", weighs 250 pounds, looks at least twice that big and, fortunately, is a mild-mannered type who seldom gets riled. He has admitted, though, that there was one occasion when he lost his mild. After taking an extended razzing from a group of Washington fans, Howard charged over to his tormentors. "O.K., O.K.," he said. "You guys want me?" The big

guys come one at a time, and the little guys—you can all come at once."

A recent episode of television's **Bob Newhart Show** portrayed the comedian as a psychologist treating a Chicago Cub pitcher. According to the show's story line, Newhart put his patient's mind so at rest that he went out to Wrigley Field that night and pitched a winning game. Nice therapy, but it doesn't say much for Newhart's knack for restoring sanity. Wrigley Field has no lights.

Olga Morozova, the best woman tennis player ever to come out of the Soviet Union, and one of the most attractive, have a practical approach to things. "I keep my maiden name while I'm playing tennis," she explained. "Until I stop to have babies. Then I take my husband's name." She also demonstrated to Boston sportswriters that she knows about their city. "This is where your revolution began," she said, "and where Phil Esposito plays hockey."

When ex-glamour girl **Diana Dors** was featured as the coach of a hefty all-male Rugby League team in a new British TV comedy series, *All Our Saturdays*, some viewers complained that their credulity was being severely strained. But a lady named **Glynn Welby** disagreed. She coached her first husband's team at Leeds after he died some years ago and ministered to her men as Dr. Marcus Welby (no kin) might have. "I used to massage the lads," she says, "and when they'd finished a game, I would swirl them down with a hosepipe. I certainly looked after their welfare."

◆ In 13 years of coaching, New Mexico State's **Lou Henson** was never ejected from a game. But this was his 14th and his first in

the Missouri Valley Conference, and Henson was bounced twice. To prevent further hasty exits, Aggie fans outfitted Henson with an emergency ejection kit, including such ever-useful items as a disguise, which would allow him to return to the bench incognito, and a can of referee repellent. Next year, watch out.

Ex-astronaut **Neil Armstrong**, first man to step on the moon, says he would like to return someday—with a Boy Scout troop on a camping trip. "Back when I visited there a few years ago, I thought it would make a great place for a camporee," Armstrong told a scouting banquet in St. Louis. Now, he says, it's over-visited. "They even have cars there," he said. "Abandoned cars."

There are Little Leaguers, and then there are Hollywood Little Leaguers. On one Beverly Hills team alone, the roster of spirited baseball prodigies includes **Dodd Durin**, son of Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee, **Patrick Cassidy**, whose brother Sean is coach of the team and whose parents are Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy, **Lucas Reiner**, son

of Carl Reiner; **Flavio Vanoft**, son of Producer Nick Vanoft, and **Marc Copage**, familiar in his own role as the TV son of *Julia*. In the stands, predictably, parents act like parents. Neither heat nor cold nor divorce keeps them away. "And the screaming and yelling that goes on," says Hollywood Columnist **Marilyn Beck**. "You'd think a million-dollar movie part was in jeopardy."

Three years ago New York Knick **Dave DeBusschere** said, "I'm almost 29 years old, the brink of senility by pro basketball standards." Now DeBusschere is 32, still playing and prematurely gray. Resourcefully, he has turned this to advantage by using, and endorsing on television, a Clairol hair-coloring concoction. "Why should I let all the younger players think they can run over me on the court just because I look older?" DeBusschere asks. No reason, says a Clairol spokesman outspokenly. "DeBusschere's announcement is indicative of complete self-assurance coupled with a strong desire to appear young. We are glad to have him on our defensive team." That's defensive?

Trying to keep fit can be a pain, as Senator **Robert Griffin** discovered. The Michigan Republican hobbled into the Senate chamber and explained he had suffered a charity horse while doing his daily exercises. Minority Leader **Hugh Scott** suggested to Griffin that he substitute the Scott formula for keeping in good shape—proper diet and mental gymnastics.

The Fashion Foundation of America's list of Ten Best Dressed Men includes world heavyweight champion **George Foreman** and **Burt Reynolds**, who gained their fame by appearing in hardly any clothes.



A bottle of Canadian Mist whisky and a glass of whisky with ice cubes are placed on a tree stump in a misty forest. The bottle is labeled "IMPORTED CANADIAN MIST Canadian Whisky". The glass is filled with whisky and ice cubes. The background is a misty forest with tall trees and ferns.

Canada at its best.

Try the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80-86° PROOF, BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS IMPORT COMPANY, N.Y. ©1972

One of the world's great tastes

There is a best in every field.

A taste that through genius or even accident is achieved and never surpassed.

In seafood there are many great

tastes. In Bourbon there's Old Forester.

Have more than just a drink. Have one of the world's great tastes.

"There is nothing better in the market."

A detailed still life photograph set on a weathered wooden pier. In the foreground, a bottle of Old Forester Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey stands prominently, its label clearly visible. Next to it is a glass filled with whiskey and ice cubes. To the left, a large, succulent red lobster is positioned. A woven basket brimming with various seafood, including crabs and shellfish, sits nearby. A fishing net is spread out on the pier, with several small white clams resting on it. In the background, a fishing boat is docked at the pier, and a person in a yellow jacket is seen working on the deck. The scene is bathed in soft, natural light, creating a warm and inviting atmosphere.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 40% Alc/Vol (80 proof).
©1990 Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky.

On, Wisconsin, or hullabaloo goes East

In the continuing saga of a Cinderella team, its sophomore hero end its fervent fans, the Badgers beggar belief by upsetting Cornell in sudden-death overtime, then shocking Denver to capture the NCAA title

It was St. Patrick's Night, but outside Boston Garden everything was red. Wisconsin Badger red. Three other college hockey teams came to the Garden—Cornell, Denver and Boston College—and each contributed bits of entertainment, but the Badgers stole the weekend. Yes, they won the NCAA championship, but they did something more. They created a mood that transcended the playing of games. At times it had overtones of Greek drama, with promise quickly dashed, valor in the face of doom, then hope—improbable, but there it was—and finally sweet victory, though that was anticlimactic to the many Wisconsin rooters present.

First, and unavoidable to anyone who was not blind or stone deaf, there was the Wisconsin fandom. You had to wonder who was left minding the store back in Madison. As play began, the Garden's moldering rafters were bedecked with more than 30 homemade signs, all pro-Wisconsin. A portentous one read: "On Boston ice the embattled Badgers swirled, and fired the shot heard round the world."

Boston College, for its part, was shot down before the tournament even began. Two of BC's high-scoring forwards were suspended in midweek "for an activity unconnected with hockey," as a TV announcer explained it. College spokesmen were no more illuminating, saying only that the players had "violated regulations." For whatever reason, BC was nervous in the locker room and collapsed on the first night before Coach Murray Armstrong's Denver team 10-4, leaving the stage to the Cornell-Wisconsin sensual Friday night.

All the teams had been booked into the Copley Plaza Hotel, but at the last minute Cornell bolted to Cambridge. Maybe they have a secret, people said. Perhaps a new goalie—fearsome, hairy, superhuman. All their players are from Canada. Wild up there, you know.

In any case, something was bothering Wisconsin as the game began. The Badgers had beaten Minnesota 3-0 on the final day of the regular season to win the Big Ten championship, and then had defeated Minnesota again, and Notre Dame at South Bend, to qualify for the

NCAA. Everyone expected big things from them. But now not even the world's most implacable cheering sections seemed to be doing any good. Cornell scored at 40 seconds, then again eight minutes later. The Badgers were shooting wildly. In the second period Cornell was a swarm of bees at the Wisconsin goal, and within 30 seconds the score was 3-0. Wisconsin's shots were beautifully accurate, they hit every inch of the Cornell goal—ie, his pads and his stick. At 4:39 Cornell made it 4-0. No opportunity yet for the Wisconsin rooters' strangely ominous cry of *sieve, sieve*, with which they bombard an enemy goalie when he gives up a score. The game was half over, Wisconsin was desperate and playing sloppily, and a humbling defeat surely was at hand.

But suddenly the Badgers began to put on a display of clockwork precision. Cornell drew a penalty and was down a man. After nearly a minute of crisp, intricate passing, there was a crowd at the Cornell goal, a shot by Norm Cherey, a score, and it was 4-1. Still, a mere fly bite. Then Wisconsin's Dennis Olm-

continued

"WAO STORK" DEAN TALAFOUS (RIGHT CENTER) FIRES THE CHAMPIONSHIP-WINNING GOAL PAST THE TUMBLING DENVER GOALIE





WISCONSIN GOALIE DICK PERKINS STANDS FAST AGAINST SUDDEN-DEATH RUSH

HOCKEY • *continued*

stead rapped one in and the place all but trembled with the fans' fervor as the second period ended 4-2.

Came the third period and half the Garden was intoning *surve*. Cornell Goalie Dave Elenbaas looked tiny and very alone, but his team's shooting was much the stronger, its defense was working better and Wisconsin was getting pushed around. At 50 seconds of the third period Cornell made it 5-2. Cornell was tying up Wisconsin in close, so with 12 minutes left Gary Winchester shot from well outside, hit, and it was 5-3. How could the Badgers be but two goals down? Their passing was way off, and they couldn't hold onto the puck. Was it Wisconsin guts? *surve*? The collective will of those enraptured fans? Now Cornell elected to throw the puck continually into Wisconsin ice and chase it, which seemed a reasonable strategy for a team with a two-goal lead. And Wisconsin was in a frustrated frenzy.

With six minutes left the puck lay briefly on the ice an inch from the Cornell goalie's glove. Two Wisconsin players hurtled toward the puck, but the glove beat them and a big chance was lost. In disorganized fashion Wisconsin's forwards were bringing the puck up the ice alone, then looking anxiously for someone, anyone, to pass to. By contrast the disciplined Cornell for-

wards hit the blue line three abreast.

Wisconsin had something special going, though, a refusal to accept the obvious—that there was no way they were going to win the game. Three and a half minutes remained when Wisconsin's Jim Johnston scored, and now it was sure enough 5-4. It stayed that way for a while. A long while. The clock was down to 18 seconds when a Wisconsin shot headed for the goal, hit the post—and bounced away. Pandemonium. A Cornell player got the puck, tried to clear it, and Wisconsin's Olmstead intercepted. He passed to teammate Dean Talafous, and Talafous fired from point-blank range. Goal! The score was 5-5, there were five seconds on the clock and Wisconsin fans were all over the ceiling. Now would come only the fifth sudden-death overtime in 26 years of NCAA championship play.

Twice in the overtime Wisconsin Goalie Dick Perkins was defenseless as Cornell men charged in to shoot and each time he made the save. By the time only two minutes remained in the extra period both teams were rubber-legged and firing wildly. One Wisconsin player watched the puck bounce near him and couldn't even make a move for it. Then with 40 seconds to go the Cornell goalie saw three Wisconsin players bearing down on him. He came out to meet them. One of them, Olmstead again, pressed to Steve Alley, who shot, and the puck rebounded to Dean Talafous.

Having tied the game, that extraordinary young man, a sophomore out of Hastings, Minn. who is known as the Mad Stork, scored with 33 seconds left. That, you might say, was the shot heard round the world, the one the poster had prophesied. Wisconsin had won 6-5, and oh how the *surve* freaks celebrated.

Of Cornell Coach Dick Bertrand it was later said, "His face as he walked off the ice was a composite picture of 5,000 orphans too late to catch the picnic steamboat."

Wisconsin Coach Bob Johnson made no speech of triumph. He merely said: "I'll tell you one thing. We'll be here tomorrow night."

Again, there seemed no reasonable way for Wisconsin to beat Denver. Its best line was 60 pounds lighter than Denver's. The Pioneers boasted two conference All-Stars and two All-Americans, Wisconsin none. And there was the Denver tradition: five NCAA championships and two seconds since 1958. Wisconsin had never won, and had just played a terribly taxing game. Denver, on the other hand, had enjoyed 24 hours more rest, after a laughter. So out came Coach Armstrong and his all-American boys, confident, and rested, and . . .

At 3:05 Wisconsin's Dave Pry scored. At this point it is sufficient to say that the Badger supporters did not forget their routine. And there was a new cry, "Let's go, Big Red," chanted six or eight times too often. Wisconsin was controlling the play. Perhaps the Badgers did have some adrenalin left over from the night before. Maybe Denver had overrested. Whatever the reason, Wisconsin was playing power hockey now, keeping the puck in enemy ice. Even so, true to the tenor of this wacky week, Denver scored twice to go ahead temporarily.

Jim Dool tied it for Wisconsin, though, and then that man Talafous came out of a jumble in front of the net and backhanded Wisconsin to a go-ahead goal. The score remained 3-2 until 2:10 of the third period, when Jim Johnston made it 4-2 Wisconsin. The Badgers got steadily stronger and quicker, and their passing was more accurate than on the previous night. Denver never had a chance. The Badgers were the new rulers of the collegiate ice.

A band of redcoats played *On, Wisconsin*. Outdoors it was St. Patrick's Night, and Boston was on the verge of changing colors.

END



Photographed at Cambridge, England

What to wear when Punting on the Cam

Whether you pole along the river at Cambridge, sail on the QE-2, or "tramp" it up and down the Inland Sea, Austin Reed of Regent Street keeps you shipshape and comfortable in casual clothes.

Take the blazer on your left. Neat. Trim. Free-flowing in deep sea blue, a polyester and wool worsted

double knit at \$85.00. On your right: red, white, and blue make a salty plaid in a polyester, linen, and wool double-knit, yours for \$90.00.

Both fabrics, knitted in England. Both jackets, tailored in America. Both seafarers of the first water from Austin Reed of Regent Street.

British Knits by Austin Reed of Regent Street



Austin Reed of Regent Street, 36 South Franklin Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606

Monte Carlo Landau.



And Motor Trend magazine named it "Car of the Year."

The 1973 Monte Carlo Landau by Chevrolet is a personal luxury car of the first rank.

It comes to you with power front disc brakes, variable-ratio power steering, steel-belted radial ply tires and an advanced suspension system.

It comes to you equipped with a handsome Landau vinyl roof, complemented by body accent stripings, elegant moldings and discriminating crests.

It comes to you with dual sport mirrors, a visor vanity mirror inside and boldly styled Turbine II wheels.

And we think you'll find the 1973 Monte Carlo Landau to be one of the most precise handling cars you've ever driven.

Chevrolet engineers have succeeded in combining superb performance with sophisticated styling. Right down to the rear seat opera windows.

Added to these qualities, Monte Carlo's quietness is remarkably reassuring.

Among the many options you can order are swivel seats (shown above) that swing out 90 degrees for ease of exit and entry.

Certainly Monte Carlo Landau is an automobile you'll be pleased to be seen with and gratified to drive anywhere in the U.S.A.

Most certainly its selection as *Motor Trend's* "Car of the Year" is impressive too. We hope you agree.

1973 Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Chevrolet

Take a second to buckle up. It could save your life.

A car you can be proud of.

Monte Carlo Limited in the Bel Air Hills, Los Angeles, California.



A close-up photograph of a woman's face, with her eyes looking directly at the camera. A row of cigarette filters is held horizontally across the lower half of her face, creating a visual metaphor for the 'recessed filter' concept. The filters are white with gold and blue accents.

The Parliament recessed filter. It works like a cigarette holder works.

The tip of a Parliament works like a cigarette holder works.

It has a sturdy outer shell that keeps the filter tucked back from your lips. Neatly recessed.

So you never taste filter, just good clean Parliament flavor.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings: 16mg "tar," 1.1mg. nicotine—100's: 15mg "tar," 1.4mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. ©1994 B&W T Co.

The annals of bridge are studded with tales of difficulties overcome in the pursuit of the game: hurricanes, fires, even a power failure in a blizzard that hit the 1958 Spring Nationals in Atlantic City. Now, perhaps topping them all, comes the story told by Air Force Lieut. Colonel William H. Means Jr. of Sumter, S.C. of a continuing duplicate tournament played in an American prisoner of war camp in North Vietnam.

Colonel Means, one of the first POWs to be released by Hanoi, was piloting a reconnaissance plane based in Thailand in July 1966 when he was shot down. His bridge story begins three years later when the North Vietnamese began to furnish playing cards in a limited supply and rubber bridge was added to the prisoners' recreation program.

The colonel had played a little party bridge before leaving the States, says his wife Eugenia, but he did not particularly enjoy it because (Where have I heard this before?) "he never held good cards." His high-card fame ended in prison camp, for he and his POW partner were slightly ahead near the finish of a 100,000-point marathon, only to lose in the last few rubbers.

From that point Means and his fellow prisoners advanced to duplicate bridge, the form of the game most widely employed in tournaments because it eliminates the "luck of the deal" by testing the skill of every pair on the same set of hands. Only one prisoner had ever played duplicate before, so there was considerable trial and error in working out the scoring procedures and the progression of play. The games ranged from three to six "tables," the tables being folded blankets. Since there were only half a dozen decks of cards altogether, a 10- or 12-deal game took two hours. But time, the colonel points out, was the one thing the prisoners did not lack.

The supreme obstacle was a physical one—how to fashion a duplicate "board." The solution was ingenious. Boards were improvised from the plates on which the men ate. Lacking pencils, which would not have written on the porcelain-coated metal anyway, the prisoners manufactured their own ink and used cotton-tipped bamboo sticks as pens. The face of each plate was used as a traveling score; the back was marked with the board number and served as a carrier for four "folders" made, without such luxury items as paper clips or glue,

from small slips of paper that enclosed the cards and marked the position of each player, the vulnerability and the dealer. With the luck of the bad cards eliminated, Colonel Means admits that he did not fare too badly.

Although the colonel says only the simplest conventions were used, he and his fellow players were employing one reasonably sophisticated bid, the Unusual No Trump. This is a method that can show two unbid suits (at least five cards in each). During the period the prisoners were using it, the convention was also gaining popularity in U.S. tournament bridge circles. The details of specific hands have escaped him, but the colonel remembers using the Unusual No Trump in the auction on a deal similar to the one shown at right.

If he had a good hand, including strength in the opponents' suits, North normally would pass in hopes that the opponents would get into trouble. Thus Colonel Means' bid of two no trump could be recognized as "unusual." South's jump response was well conceived, since he would have been forced to bid one of North's suits, even with only a doubleton, his four-card holding plus the singleton looked highly valuable.

Assuming that East was the opening heart with his king and returns the 2 of diamonds, how would you play the South hand? It is tempting to win with the king of diamonds and lead a spade, hoping that West holds the ace. But the play has already marked West with the queen of hearts, and East's failure to raise his partner's club bid suggests that he has no great strength in that suit. Therefore it is probable that East holds the ace of spades. Furthermore, if you spend your diamond king and the spades do not split, you might eventually be overruffed by West with the 6 of diamonds.

The hand is sure to make if the spades divide 3-3, so you must guard against East holding four spades to the ace. You cannot afford to lose the first spade to the player who can lead the second di-

amond, since that would almost surely cost you another spade loser. Thus, the winning play is to take the first diamond in the dummy and lead the king of spades. East wins his ace but does not have another trump to lead. A heart or a club return can be ruffed in dummy and you can ruff the second spade lead with the 5. You can then return to dummy twice by ruffing and trump two more spades without fear of an over ruff. Finally, with spades established, you can get back to dummy via another ruff and pull West's last trump.

Bill Means' duplicate tournaments confirm something I have often said about bridge: it is a wonderful buffer against troubles and loneliness. While

Neither side vulnerable

East dealer

NORTH			
♠	K 10 6 5 4 3		
♥	2		
♦	A Q J 10 9 8		
♣			
WEST			
♠	Q 7		
♥	Q 6 8		
♦	6 1		
♣	A Q J 5 4 3		
SOUTH			
♠	2		
♥	J 10 8 7		
♦	K 7 5 3		
♣	K 9 8 6		
EAST		NORTH	
♠	PASS	♠	PASS
♥	PASS	♥	PASS
♦	PASS	♦	PASS
♣	PASS	♣	PASS

Opening lead: 5 of hearts

the colonel was playing duplicate to help pass the time in North Vietnam, his wife, not knowing until two years ago whether her husband was still alive, was filling part of the long years of his absence by improving her own bridge game. Beginning as the holder of a mere five master points, she played twice a week in local duplicate sessions, as often as possible in nearby tournaments and once in the Spring Nationals. She is now a Life Master with some 575 master points. Colonel Means will have a worthy bridge partner.

ENR

Thank heaven for this little girl



When I bring a trophy home, I look at it for a day or so and then sometime later I wake up in the middle of the night and say to myself, 'Do I really run?' I have to get up, go down and look at my trophies on the piano and then I say, 'Yeah I guess I really do run.'"

A little girl's naiveté, the kind that used to disarm one before the teen-age innocent was added to the endangered-species list, but it is doubtful that Robin Theresa Campbell (*above*) will ever again really need reassurance that she is a runner. Any lingering doubt, including that of the 14-year-old herself, was eliminated last week in Richmond where Robin proved that she not only runs but, if need be, flies.

The occasion was Friday night's U.S.-U.S.S.R. indoor track meet, an event all but sabotaged by the NCAA, which forced six athletes to withdraw, undoubtedly costing the U.S. the meet. It was hardly the setting one would wish on an eighth-grader who could say, "It prob-

ably will be fun to run against someone from a different country, because I've never done that before."

And what glorious fun it was for 9,300 ecstatic fans in Richmond Coliseum, for precessing Robin and for almost everyone else but her Russian opponents, Valentina Gerasimova, 23, and especially Tamara Kazachkova, 22. Kazachkova is a veteran of international competition, but over 880 yards it was Robin who showed the tactical move of a world-class athlete.

"It seems like the Russian runners like to make their move at 600 yards," said Harry McKnight, coach of the U.S. women, before the race, "so we told Robin to run relaxed, and if they made that move to go with them. If they waited and tried it in the stretch, that would be all right. She's a fast kid and she can hang in there."

Gerasimova tried to go by Robin after four laps, but the kid was having none of that. Campbell merely accelerated until Gerasimova was spent, and when Kazachkova challenged her in the stretch, Robin kicked and won by inches. Her time of 2:11.1, missed the meet record by a tick, but undeniably it was Robin's night, as the medley relay proved two hours later.

Despite the U.S. women's 8-4 advantage in first places, the score was 60-41 going into the final relay. As luck, poetic justice, show biz and good coaching would have it, Robin anchored the victorious U.S. team that included Mattie Rander, 440 winner Kathy Hammond and Cheryl Toussaint, who had taken the 600. The relay was close only through the first two baton exchanges. Robin had a 10-yard lead on Kazachkova and won by 15 to tumultuous applause for a 65-62 U.S. women's victory.

Russia, however, took the men's competition 84-76 and thus won the meet 146-141. You can blame that outcome on the NCAA. As on other occasions too numerous for any sane man to remember, the meet was plagued by the tiresome issue of sanction. Since the AAU had failed to request an NCAA sanction, the NCAA claimed that any collegian who competed faced ineligibility, either for himself or his school. You could argue that the edict smacked of the same kind of arrogance that the AAU has been guilty of in the past. It was harder to read it as logical.

The NCAA, after all, had sanctioned

the AAU championships that qualified athletes for the U.S. team. The NCAA had failed to raise the same stink about last year's inaugural meet in Richmond, so it was a little late for precedent, and the AAU, like it or not, is the sole sanctioning authority for international competition. None of which had any noticeable effect on the NCAA's threat to cast student-athletes into the limbo of ineligibility.

That prospect was desolate enough to keep Randy Williams, the Olympic long-jump gold medalist, in California. Rod Milburn, the Olympic high-hurdle champion, was also a no-show, while Pole Vaulter Steve Smith, the indoor world-record holder, was a late scratch, claiming a leg injury. First places from two of the above would have given the U.S. the whole shebang.

Two collegians did defy the NCAA. Fred Samara of Penn. who finished fourth in the pentathlon, and Adelphi's Dennis Walker, who ran on the winning men's medley relay team. The AAU got a restraining order in U.S. District Court to prevent the NCAA from penalizing them.

Against this unseemly backdrop, the guileless Campbell was nothing less than a sweetheart. "In the 880 I wasn't scared at all," she said. "The other kids on the team said I had a good chance of winning. Both the 880 and the relay were fun, but I guess I liked the relay best. It decided the meet. All those people were cheering for us to win, and I like to make everyone happy."

No one was happier about Robin's success, or less surprised, than Brooks Johnson, the coach for whom she runs under the club colors of Sports International in her hometown of Washington, D.C. Johnson needed a lift. He was named head coach of the U.S. men on Wednesday after the AAU's original choices, Jim Banner of the University of Pittsburgh and Princeton's Larry Ellis, were successively forced by the NCAA to withdraw.

Earlier in the week Johnson said he was convinced that Robin was simply a marvel. "When you go from age-group track, you start all over at the bottom of the ladder," he said. "But she's just continued to move right on up. She doesn't scare. She's very tough-minded and she intimidates the Olympians on our club. She says 'I'm going to get you,' like it's a curse. Competition for her has been a way of life. Within her

family and in her neighborhood, you have to compete just to stand still."

Robin is one of seven children of Francis and Gloria Campbell, a postal supervisor and an accounting technician for HUD respectively, and with four older brothers (none of whom is particularly athletic) Robin started competing early for running room at the playground across the street from her home. Two of her sisters, Donna, 11, and Kim, 9, have augmented her drive. They also run for Sports International and, as Johnson says, "As the girls drop down in age, they get better."

Even more impressive than Robin's competitive hunger is the awesome range of her talent, which she has unleashed at distances from the 220, in which she has a personal best of 25.5, to the mile (5:01) with unwavering success. "At last year's Olympic trials they had special races for girls 12 and 13 years old," Johnson says. "Robin won the 220, and the next night she took the 1,500. In August at the Youth Games, she won the 220, three months later she won three national cross-country championships in the 12-13 bracket, and Donna won the same races in the 10-11 division."

"I like to run sprints and I like cross country as long as it isn't raining," Robin says. "I have no favorite race. Later on I'd like to try the high jump."

Robin works out at St. Albans School where Johnson is track coach as well as a teacher of anthropology to, among others, Kim Agnew. One of the country's richest parochial schools, it claims Carl Albert's son as captain of its wrestling team, George Bush's son as captain of the basketball team and Charles Percy's son as varsity shortstop. It also has a 457-yard running track which, says Johnson, "looks like a pregnant box."

St. Albans is an hour-and-a-half bus ride from Robin's home, but both she and her family think the time well spent. "They like to see me run," Robin says of her parents. "They don't want me to go anywhere they haven't been, so they travel with me. One of my brothers, Mark, follows my times and tells me what I'm going to do in my races. Carlton, another brother, says, 'Don't you come back home unless you win.'"

Robin is going to keep coming back home. "I've never felt I was very good," she said before the Russian meet, "but since I've been winning everything, I guess I must be." She is, as 9,300 fans at Richmond will testify.

END



OUR DUCKS took residence in Mulberry Creek when the new mash tub went in. We suspected they'd be back.



Making a modest addition to our distillery raised more of a racket than our ducks could abide. But their recent homecoming is to everyone's good. It means they can enjoy the spillings

of fine grain that come from our silos. It means we can enjoy our ducks. And, thanks to the new mash tub, it means you can enjoy a bit more Jack Daniel's wherever it's carried.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY

© 1972, Jack Daniel Distillers, Lem Moton, Prop., Inc.
LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENNESSEE

Fold it out and presto! Tenderloin is hamburger

Troubled that squash's aristocratic reputation is denying it broad popularity, a devotee slashes court costs with an ingenious design

Squash is both a vegetable and a game. More people cook it than play it. Indeed, the game is commonly thought to be the sanctuary of snobs. Although squash had its origins in a London prison around 1800, if the standard reference works may be believed, it rapidly vaulted the social scale to the point where most people now think of the game, when they think of it at all, in connection with prep schools, Ivy League colleges and exclusive clubs. Though squash players do not invariably trail Roman numerals after hyphenated names or lunch on caviar and quail wings, that is the general assumption. And close enough to the truth to turn millions off.

Now comes a Philadelphia architect hell-bent on turning them on. His name is Paul Monaghan, and he says, "Squash is the game of the future, but it's an undiscovered game. It has been hindered by its reputation."

In the U.S. today there are nevertheless some 500,000 players who have access to 2,300 private courts. These are mostly in the East, North and South Dakota, to cite two Western states, do not have a squash court between them. Played within a rectangle measuring 32 by 18½ feet for singles, 25 by 43 feet for doubles, squash utilizes a small black rubber ball and a racket with a smaller head and a longer handle than a tennis racket. The ball is played off all four walls, and the essence of the game consists in attempting to give one's opponent an unplayable lie, so to speak. If the ball bounces on the court floor more than once, the player who hit it scores a point. The ball can come off the walls at speeds up to 125 mph, which makes squash a testing game indeed. Half an hour of it is quite enough to exhaust most nonathletes.

What Paul Monaghan wants to do is spend the exhaustion around by bring-

ing court costs down. A traditional court requires many narrow lengths of hard maple finished in white enamel and costs a minimum of \$25,000. With the blessing of the U.S. Squash Racquets Association, Monaghan began to look for ways of reducing costs by employing preassembled walls of new materials. Last year he made his first real advance with four courts for Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pa. Dispensing with all those maple boards, Monaghan used stressed-skin plywood panels, some as large as eight feet by 20 feet. The courts required just two days for completion of the walls—marvelous speed by conventional standards—and cost a bit less than \$25,000 apiece.

Determined to cut costs further, Monaghan and his partner, Barclay White, devised the ingenious contraption in the photographs to your right, a squash court that opens and closes like an accordion. It can be installed in any field house or gymnasium and requires no more than the strength of two people to pull it out, then push it flat against the wall when the game is over. It is constructed of four-by-eight plywood panels and rolls back and forth on eight casters. This is a prototype. Monaghan says a custom copy would cost approximately \$8,500, a figure that should be within the budget of many schools and clubs. Quantity production would reduce the price substantially.

"Colleges that have courts have permanent ones," says Monaghan, "but schools can't afford to give up the space. I hope the folding court will mean that kids can begin playing in school. I didn't get to play until I was in college."

John Pittenger, the Pennsylvania Secretary of Education, is enthusiastic about the possibilities of the folding court. He wants squash to be regularly played in the state's schools. "I want to get away from sports one practices only in

school," he says. "Squash is a sport men and women can play all their lives. I've been playing it myself for 20 years. Track and soccer and hockey are fine, but they're for kids with plenty of spare time. You can't make time for them later. And once you've stood the cost of building the court, squash becomes a viable game in terms of money—much less expensive than golf, for example."

All of which is sweet to the ears of Monaghan, who has yet another plan to make squash freaks of us all. Last week he and White broke ground for the first commercial squash venture in this country, a squash club at Berwyn, Pa. that will function like an indoor tennis center where the customers pay to play. Berwyn is to be the first of a chain planned for urban centers, including Washington, New York, Boston, Chicago and Atlanta.

The idea of the commercial squash club came to Monaghan from England. The gentlemanly reputation of squash seems to have done it no harm in its native land, where clubs for the almost-common man and woman have been enjoying a boom. They are considered no more snobbish than bowling alleys over here. "Space is the key thing in Britain, and you can fit six squash courts into the space taken up by just one tennis court," says Monaghan.

These modern British squash clubs are short on starch and long on conviviality—a good fellowship lubricated by many bars. The official journal of the British Squash Rackets Association—it dreads the U.S. "cq"—recently ran a breezy article entitled *Sex and Your Squash Life* with a cover photograph of an unclothed squash player. Might have been a squash player, anyway.

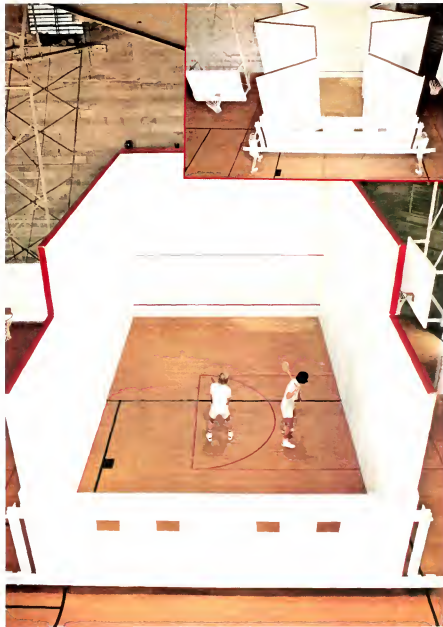
Monaghan and White are proceeding more cautiously. "We just want to build a first-class place where any and everybody can play," says Barclay White. "Because of the private clubs squash has been an unavailable sport. That's what we want to change. But more on the lines of a health club than a singles bar."

The two are delighted that their hobby is turning into a business. "In fact, it's just as well," says Monaghan. "I was becoming obsessed. All the other buildings I designed were beginning to look like squash courts."

END

ACCORDION COURT made its debut in the gym of Westtown School, near Philadelphia

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN C. ZIMMERMAN



American Express takes pleasure in exposing Arizona.

Out on the Arizona desert, where you wouldn't expect to find even a ghost town, rise metropolitan Phoenix and Tucson. And all over

RAMADA INNS

Rent an Avis car at the Phoenix airport and drive downtown. Your first stop: the beautiful Ramada Inn. After you've checked in, have lunch

downstairs at Harrie Mosher's. Then strike out for an afternoon of sightseeing and shopping. If you feel too much like a

tourist, use the Card to outfit yourself in Western gear at Bob's Western World on Main Street. In the evening, take a 10-minute drive to Scottsdale for dinner at the Bombay Bicycle Club. Steak and artichoke hearts are the recommended fare. And the American Express Card is the recommended way to pay for it.

Next morning, head straight to the scene of over 50 motion pictures and TV shows—Old Tucson. Bring your camera along and shoot a few pictures yourself.

Have lunch at the Palomino Steak House, one of Tucson's best restaurants.

Then sightsee your way back to Phoenix. You'll see saguaro cacti 50 feet high, beautiful desert wild flowers and distant mountains that change color with the sun.

When you get back to town, try Woody's Macayo for Mexican pizza on a tortilla. Put it on the American Express Card.

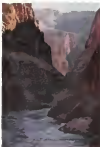
Check out of the Ramada the next morning and drive north for a grand tour of the Grand Canyon.

Later the same day, take a side trip to Lake Havasu City. The bridge that was falling down in London has been re-assembled there. Have

dinner at the local Ramada Inn, where you'll spend the night.

Return to Phoenix the next day in time for lunch at Etienne's. On your last shopping spree before leaving Phoenix, stop by the Indian Trading Post. Pick up several Kachina dolls from a collection of 287 Indian gods and goddesses. Let the American Express Card pick up the tab.

Then fly off into the sunset on your favorite airline and the American Express Card. If you travel or entertain for business or pleasure, you ought to have one. For an application, call (800) AE 8-5000 toll-free, or pick one up wherever the Card is honored.



The Grand Canyon, one of the seven wonders of the world



Pinal Mountains, peaks some 50 feet high



Lake Havasu, new home of the London Bridge

RESTAURANTS

Trader Vic's
7111 Fifth Ave.
Scottsdale (945-6341)
Reuben's
1725 E. Camelback
Phoenix (266-4459)

RETAIL SHOPS

The Desert Dweller
7149 Fifth Ave.
Scottsdale (947-4137)
The Gentry
5068 N. Central
Phoenix (266-1133)
Paul Johnson Jewelers
1940 E. Camelback
Phoenix (277-1421)

AMERICAN EXPRESS



Not since Jean-Claude Killy of 1968, or before that Toni Sailer way back in 1936, has a single star so dazzled the firmament of world class ski racing. And not since anyone—ever—has one woman ski racer so dominated her sport.

There she is: broad-beamed and strong across the back, wearing the tight, bright aqua racing suit of this season's sensational Austrian national team. It is a wet day in Alaska, a drizzle is falling intermittently on Mount Alyeska outside Anchorage and the young lady has missed a gate about halfway down a giant slalom course—a run in which she needed only to finish eighth in order to guarantee her third consecutive combined World Cup title with another record accumulation of points. But Annemarie Proell, 19, does not even know how to finish safely in eighth place.

So now she is standing on the damp hill past the finish line, relaxed and chuckling with her Austrian mates, smoking a cigarette in open defiance of all the precepts of fitness, and she does not seem the slightest bit angry about her disqualification.

She shrugs. "I caught an edge on the wet snow," she says. "I might have won otherwise. I probably would have."

True enough. Annemarie Proell does not try for anything but first. And it all figures. She is a mountain farmer's daughter, used to long hours of hard work as a child, carrying firewood and cranking the creaky reel to haul haybales up steep pasture slopes to the barn. She is accustomed to simple disciplines and demanding regimens. She is the sixth of eight children and the family was poor.

And even here, in the mountains of Alaska, she is an Austrian farmer's daughter. Her face is round and magnificently freckled. It is a face that is girlish enough, particularly with the snub nose, the apple-strudel cheeks, blue eyes, the tumbled red hair which could as well be full of Salzburg hayseed as near-Arctic snow. When she chooses to smile, she has a fresh and winsome grin, open as an Alpine meadow. But make no mistake, there is regal steel behind all of this, an openly aggressive drive to keep winning, to set records that will keep her status as the Iron Queen of skiing for some time to come, perhaps all time to come.

No one has come even close to Proell this season in the competition for the overall World Cup championship. In an almost scornful display of superiority she swept all eight of the women's downhill races. No one—not Killy, not Karl Schranz—ever totally monopolized every event in any of the three World Cup disciplines, the slalom, giant slalom or downhill. In early February, after Proell had unleashed her cannonball-juggernaut tuck to score her eighth consecutive downhill triumph at St. Moritz, which will be the site of the 1974 FIS World Championships, she said with a cool and confident air: "If I had lost here, it would have been very bad for me. Now next year, I will win the world championship on this course."

On this course—or on almost any other. For there has come to be a sense of inevitability about the victories of Annemarie Proell, an inevitability that has not gone unnoticed by her intimidated contemporaries. Jacqueline Rouvier of France, once considered one of Annemarie's nearest rivals, sighed in resignation not long ago: "La Proell is my fate." And the French coach, Gaston Perrot, spoke with brave and quiet fatalism: "There is only one way to beat Mille Proell. Knock her over the head before she takes off."

So it would seem. This World Cup season Proell has won 11 races, three giant slaloms in addition to the now famed eight straight downhills. What? No slaloms? Well, it is true. This more delicate event has not been to Annemarie's liking in 1973. Given the arrogance of her attack and the ferocity of her style, it is not surprising that she has fallen almost every time. There are those who say her proportions—she is 5' 6" and weighs 150 pounds—are the problem. But that is not exactly true. The difficulty is her daring philosophy of supremacy. "I risk as much as possible," she says. "I dislike easy runs where one has time to think. Thinking is bad." Proell says it was "thinking" that caused her to fail so surprisingly at the 1972 Olympics in Sapporo. She was favored to win at least two and possibly three gold medals, but wound up the Games with a mere two silvers. She says, "There was confusion about the team and about Karl Schranz being left out by the Olym-



She crushed the opposition early and now the cannonball queen of racing is coolly coasting home

Annemarie on a spree

pic Committee. I was thinking about many other things. I was not concentrating on the races." As for Switzerland's Marie-Theres Nadig, who captured the Sapporo downhill and giant slalom, Annemarie shrugs. "She hasn't won a single World Cup race this year."

And what is ahead? "I will race next year, for certain. Then I do not know what I will do. I like to race cars. I do not know how to cook. I would probably not become a hausfrau if I quit racing." Does that mean she might quit

continued



How to frolic with mermaids & get a fine Swiss Diver's Watch for just \$10.95.

Alas, how few of us have physical stamina and spiritual strength to don wet suit and mask and armed only with harpoon and compass go sleek-muscled youths in exploration of Neptune's watery domain. But now, slightly breathless, and on terra firma, you may participate (at least vicariously) in romantic underwater exploits by donning HAVEROVER WATCH. This remarkable Swiss time-piece features luminous dial, sweep-second, laptime time indicator, calendar, steel body, tropical strap, and one lovingly positioned jewel. We list HAVEROVER at \$16.95, but today—sweep us up in a tide of good fellowship—it's just \$10.95... a laughable bargain. And that isn't all! We also send you our color-full 64 page catalog and a \$2 Gift Certificate. You may return HAVEROVER in two weeks for full refund if not delighted (and still remain our friend). And it is guaranteed one year for manufacturer's defects (see repair or replace free, of course, only charge you for postage and handling). So, for a reliable, good looking watch that you don't have to take off in good-bye, bubble-blow, or sauna, and with which you may even gamble in Neptune's realm of mermaid, stingray and octopus, jot your name, address and zip on the margin, send us your check for \$13.95 (\$10.95 plus \$3.00 for postage and insurance—helpful Californians please add another \$-60 for our reader in Sacramento) and we shall flood that HAVEROVER right out to you.

haverhill's

593 Washington, San Francisco 94177
540 1 510236

SKING

ski racing—hausfrau or no hausfrau—before 1976, the year the Winter Games will be held in her own backyard, Innsbruck, Austria? "Yes, I do not know if I will race in 1976. I do not know if I will want to." She paused a moment and raised her freckled face to the Alaska rain. "There has been pressure, of course, from officials at home for me to stay on the national team until after the Olympics."

Whatever her decision about 1976, the dashing Proell is not easy to figure. She is a mad and exuberant car driver, such a fervent admirer of Jackie Stewart and the late Jochen Rindt that she has glued their photographs to one of her racing helmets. On the same precipitous roads where she once skidded along on ski hand-whittled by her father, she now careens along at speeds over 100 mph in her hopped-up black and gold Ford Capri.

For a long time Proell had a metal plaque fastened to the Capri's dashboard stamped with the words NEVER FORGET SAPPHORO. She has not forgotten. Last week in Naeba, Japan the World Cup ski racing season was moving toward its end. In the midst of a bewildering month-long rush of marathon plane flights and time-zone changes that threw them over some 20,000 miles in four weeks, tired young racers were trying to remember where they were and whether it was the hour for dinner or for dawn. "Concentration toward the end of the racing season is difficult," Annemarie sighed. Then, with a pout of boredom, she added: "In fact, I don't like to travel." On the slalom course she traveled about as expected—in typical full attack she missed a gate halfway down the second run. And while one of the polite Japanese spectators murmured, "She skis just like a muu" the irritated champ swung one ski pole and whacked the offending gate. In the giant slalom she concentrated just enough to finish third behind a surprising victory by Vermont's Marilyn Cochran. So much for winning margins: Annemarie's World Cup points in Japan put her year's total out of sight. After Naeba there was but one race left, in Heavenly Valley, Calif.

Proell now has a lifetime record that no one has ever approached. She has won 27 World Cup races in her career. The next best is Killy, who won 18.

Except for Proell, the 1973 World Cup season might have been remembered

only for the lackluster quality of its field and the anonymity of its competitors. It is true that the No. 1 male skier was, once more, Gustav Thöni, the blind and well-scrubbed young Italian slalom expert. A gentle and mild fellow, though a polished racer Thöni held a modest lead for the combined World Cup trophy during the final weeks of the season. He did nothing in Alaska or Japan to advance his cause. If he does manage to top the field by performing well on the hills of Heavenly Valley, it will be his third consecutive year as overall World Cup champion.

Yet his triumph would contain none of the dynamics, none of the brilliant superiority displayed by Proell. This is the year that the French men's team was railed by a dispute between racers and coaches, a personality clash that temporarily sent such perennial high rollers as Henri Davilland, Jean-Noel Augert and Roger Rosset-Mugnot to the showers in February. Since that mutiny, there has been little behind Thöni but a rush of faceless Austrians, the David Zwillingers, Hansi Hinterseers, Franz Klammer.

On their performances, plus those of Proell and her women teammates Monika Kasner, Ingrid Gössler, Wilfried Drexel and Irmgard Lukasse—the Austrians have moved easily into first place in the Nation's Cup competition. In truth, the Austrian team—under the patient leadership of the famed Toni Sailer himself, winner of three gold medals in the 1956 Olympic Games—was well in the lead long before the French despoiled themselves.

By contrast, the U.S. team was struggling through one of its worst seasons. Both chief coaches, Hank Tauber and Willy Schaeffler, were unceremoniously released by the U.S. Ski Association and, as the year walled to an end, the new U.S. coach turned out to be Gordon (Mickey) Cochran, the electrical engineer who taught his children for years in their backyard before they became the backbone of the American team.

Though it is far off, one may well expect that the Games of '76 in Innsbruck will be an Austrian hometown show, one that will rival Killy's triple-gold showing at Grenoble. By then, there may well be gold in them thar Zwillingers, Hinterseers and Klammer. And surely there ought to be gold in Proell. She won't forget Sapporo.

END

The Music Radio.

It's got a lot more going for you
than just news, weather and sports.

If all you want to hear is the headlines,
the precipitation probabilities,
and the ball scores, any radio will do.

But when you're listening to Beethoven,
Bartok, or Blood, Sweat & Tears,
your ears deserve something better.

You need The Music Radio.

The Music Radio is a high-
style, high-quality instrument
from Zenith (model E441W)
that makes FM, AM, and stereo
FM broadcasts come alive as
no ordinary radio can.

Its powerful, sensitive receiver
drives through two compact,
full-range speaker units that can
go just about anywhere
for best stereo separation.

You get full stereo controls,
too, to let you adjust balance,
tone, and other stereo functions
to your heart's content.

And you can even add on an
optional record changer
(model C9024W), if you like.

The Music Radio. It's one radio
that's a lot more than just talk.

At Zenith, the quality goes in
before the name goes on.[®]

ZENITH[®]





LLOYD FREE GOES UP FOR GUILFORD

When the wizards who chose the eight seeded teams had finished wiping the last bit of scrambled egg off their faces, when the Wartburgs and the Winona States and Quinnipacs had returned to the anonymity that Slippery Rock had momentarily escaped, the oldest, largest and most excruciating basketball tournament in the U.S. belonged to Guilford College of Greensboro, N.C., a most tenacious underdog.

In the first all-Eastern final in the 36-year history of the NAIA championship the surprising Quakers won by 99-96 over Maryland-Eastern Shore. Neither team had been expected to get quite that far, though the Marylanders had been seeded eighth and at one point were considered for an at-large bid to the NCAA major-college tournament. Early upsets were the rule: five of the seeded teams were out of it after the first two rounds, including unbeaten and favored Sam Houston State and reigning three-time champion Kentucky State. Not until

Underdogs steal the bone

At the NAIA the favorites lost early and often and Guilford, N.C., a long shot sparked by an almost ancient ex-Marine, grabbed the title

Guilford met and dumped second-ranked Augustana 77-69 in the semifinals did either of the finalists encounter a seeded opponent. With the favorites falling, some unexpected entries were able to sneak into the tournament's limelight, for a round or two at least.

Among these was fabled Slippery Rock, whose fans set out to convince everyone in Kansas City that their school was no less real than any other entrant. "Oh, yes, there is a Slippery Rock," went the chant as they marched the streets around the Municipal Auditorium, drawing camera crews, bemused Missourians and wary policemen. "You have to understand that Slippery Rock is a dry town," said one Rocket booster. "This is the first time we've ever come here, so we sort of had some celebrating to do." The small but disciplined team had some playing to do, too, and did so rather well before being blown out by Maryland-Eastern Shore 113-82 in the semifinals. "Maybe now our name will mean something," said Coach Mel Hankinson after his team had been awarded the Sportsmanship and Hustle Trophies.

Guilford, with a 24-5 record, was making its fifth trip an eight years to the tour-

namment. "Experience definitely helped us," said Coach Jack Jensen, who in appearance and speech bears a remarkable resemblance to Peter Falk, even without a battered raincoat. "Two of our guys—M.L. Carr and Teddy East—started here three years ago when we went to the semifinals."

It was a freshman, however, who sparked the Quakers and became the only first-year man ever to win the tournament's Outstanding Player Award. The whirling, twirling, jumping, pumping moves of Lloyd Free produced 25 points against Augustana and 30 against Maryland-Eastern Shore. "Lloyd is a great one-on-one player, so we try to take advantage of it," said Jensen. "We can do this because Carr is willing to give up part of his game. Lloyd is the kind who can't be happy unless he's getting his share of the points. Even then you have to put him on the back and tell him how much you love him and need him. Believe me, I've told him." Free developed his game on the playgrounds of Brooklyn's Brownsville section, where he once found himself facing Earl Monroe in a pickup game. Monroe, Free admits, "blew my head off."

Another and much more mysterious contributor to the Guilford championship was Steve Hankins, who twice in the last two games came off the bench when the Quakers were well behind and did not sit down again until they were well ahead. Hankins is not much of a scorer, rebounder or playmaker but he had a magic effect on his teammates that may have had something to do with his credentials. Hankins is a balding, paunchy, 6' 6", 28-year-old sophomore who represented the Marine Corps as a pallbearer in President Kennedy's funeral 10 years ago. His armed service career also included a 44-month tour in Vietnam. Despite his experiences, the tattooed veteran was exhilarated by the tournament success. "The only thing

OLD MARINE HANKINS WORKS HIS MAGIC



continued



Two frames!
The men's and women's
Schwinn Super™ (471) \$49.95

Schwinn . . . for the young at heart

Millions of new cyclists of every age are discovering the exhilarating secret of living that is shared by over 80 million Americans. Come on . . . ride a bike and join the growing crowd. Cycling is different, a new experience on a Schwinn. Lightweight . . . fast . . . with performance that will astound and delight you at every turn of the road.

Stop in for a test ride at your nearby Authorized Schwinn Dealer . . . choose a new 10, 5, or 3-speed Schwinn lightweight from his selection. Walk in, and ride out—your Schwinn dealer will assemble and adjust your new Schwinn to fit you at no extra charge. Meantime, send 25¢ for a complete 56 page Schwinn catalog and select your favorite.

Schwinn
BICYCLE COMPANY

1852 NORTH KOSTNER AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60639

* Suggested prices, slightly higher in some areas, subject to change without notice.



Lightweights



Sling-Rays



Exercisers



Unicycles



Tri-wheelers



Tandems



Racers

THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8

(A distinctive mark of good taste)

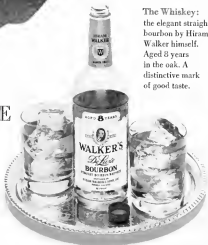


The Car:
a 1931 Chrysler CG
Sports Roadster
with L-head engine,
4-speed transmission
and custom body
by LeBaron.

The Whiskey:
the elegant straight-8
bourbon by Hiram
Walker himself.
Aged 8 years
in the oak. A
distinctive mark
of good taste.

WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8



that compares with this," he said, "was stepping off the plane the day I got home from Vietnam."

Maryland-Eastern Shore scored nine more field goals than Guilford but lost three players to personal fouls (another was out with injury) and was outscored by 21 points at the free-throw line. Earlier in the week the Hawks' blitzkrieg style had seemed unbeatable. The key to their offense was long length-of-court passes from Talvin Skinner to Guard Rubin Collins. "The only way you can stop the bomb," mused one coach who had been destroyed by it, "is to play like a defensive halfback."

"Running up and down is the best way to play, man," Collins had said. "With our speed we can do it against anybody and win."

Eastern Shore brought to the finals the best overall talent in the tournament, including six players with scoring averages between 11 and 18 points per game. But even though all but one of Eastern Shore's players return next year, the NAIA team of the future may be Xavier of Louisiana, the nation's only Catholic University for blacks. It was Xavier that upset Sam Houston in the second round 67-60. In that game sophomore Bruce Seals scored 32 points, grabbed 10 rebounds and nearly stopped the undefeated Bearkats' powerful inside game all by himself.

"Seals is playing better than I did," said Coach Bob Hopkins with a smile, "because he gets better coaching than I did." It is Hopkins' little joke. At Grambling in 1956 he became college basketball's all-time leading scorer, setting a record that stood until Travis Grant of Kentucky State surpassed him last year. This was the fourth team Hopkins had taken to Kansas City, two of them being Alcorn A&M in 1967 and 1968. "Black or white," said one of Hopkins' rivals, "Bob is one of the best coaches anywhere."

Until it ran into Hopkins, Seals & Co., Sam Houston had been a strong favorite to win the tournament. A small powerhouse nowadays, the Bearkats had been nowhere in basketball until Coach Archie Porter arrived in Huntsville, Texas nine years ago.

"The attitude among the administration when I got there," Porter says, "was that they didn't want to always be on the bottom of the Lone Star Conference. They just wanted to

continued

dunham par-pals®

Pro-styled and cushioned for comfort!

And waterproof, too! Par-Pals® patented waterproof construction lets you tee off in the dew without a worry. Add the undeniable comfort of padded heelguards, cushioned insoles, terrific pro-styling . . . and you've got the most exceptional value in golf shoes today!

dunham

Brattleboro Vt 05301

Call (800) 447-4700*, toll free
for the name of your nearest
Dunham Par-Pals dealer.

* in Illinois call
(800) 322-4400



The Mark of a Pro...



Bob Babin, defensive linebacker for the San Diego Chargers, is an expert at judging the performance of other professional football players. He has to know what the other Pros can do so that he can move into a play with confidence.

Bob recognizes ability in other professions, too. That's why he keeps regular appointments with his Roffler Pro, Louis Rebelez of San Diego. Just like Bob, Louis is one of the top performers in his field—men's hairstyling. The Roffler shield he wears and proudly displays is the mark of a true professional.

So, if good grooming is important to you, move with confidence, look for the "Mark of a Pro" where you live. There are nearly 6,000 Roffler Pros on your team all across the nation.

Bob Babin—Pro Football Player
Louis Rebelez—Roffler Stylist

Roffler

4 Girardopolis, Pennsylvania 15106



Way to go!

However you go back to school, go with Starlite Luggage. Cum Laude graduate of the school of hard knocks, Starlite has earned straight A's for its ability to take thumps, bumps and other road, rail, and skyway hazing. Handsome enough to turn all heads on campus yet tough as your math prof. And moderately priced. Earn your own top spot in "buy-ology." Get Starlite—class of '73—before you go.

Starlite goes to school



Starlite Luggage Co., Sallis, Miss. 38556-A Division of Roper Corp.

Confidential LOANS

\$1,500 to \$12,500

- The nationally recognized financial service used regularly by over 20,000 professional, executive, and technical men and women like you
- A quick and extremely confidential source of credit for immediate needs or as a credit line whenever you need it.
- No collateral... no embarrassing investigation. No charge for establishing your credit line.
- Simple details handled over the phone or by personal mail from the privacy of your home or office.
- THE quiet service for your financial needs. **Call our private, toll free, number 800-328-7328** or write Charles R. Donner, Executive Loan Director



Industrial Credit Financial Services

277 Harlan Building
Saint Paul, Minnesota 55102
Member American Industrial Bankers Association since 1927

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS & VISTA
Teachers—including P.E. graduates & coaches—health professionals, businessmen, engineers needed now. Volunteer your skills & experience in developing nations overseas & U.S. Over 20 years. Experienced—travel, social, medical, foreign, inspiration. Bruce Myzick ACTION, OCP Box 264, Washington, D.C. 20046

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is concerned with man's natural environment because that's where much of what we write about takes place—out in the fields and woods and under the stars, on lakes and running streams, on mountain tops and ocean bottoms. Join our wonderful world. Check the card in this issue.



COLLEGE BASKETBALL railroad

be representative. Well, I decided that if they fired me it would be for doing something and not sitting on my tail. The first thing I did was go after a black kid even though I was told I shouldn't. I recruited him anyway, got him a family to live with and gave him help under the table so nobody would know he was getting it. He only lasted a semester, but he was so good they got the idea that having blacks wasn't such a bad thing after all. Now there's no problem."

Using somewhat more conventional recruiting methods, Porter developed a team that went 27-0 in the regular season and set an NAIA record with its 34th straight victory over two seasons by defeating Wartburg 88-62 in the tournament's first round.

Augustana's Coach Jim Borchering suffered two major disappointments in Kansas City, the first and lesser of which was the early elimination of Sam Houston. "I wanted them in the finals," he said, recalling that the only blemish on his team's season was a one-point loss to the Bearcats. His plodding Vikings played poorly, however, barely surviving Hanover and Defiance by a total of four points and getting only one good half in a 17-point win over Oklahoma Baptist before finally losing to Guilford.

But the Augustana coach never took advantage of what might have been a source of help. The Augustana Emergency Center in a nearby hotel was prepared for anything, from posting bail money to arranging tours of the Truman Library. The facility was set up in order to keep track of most of Augustana's 2,100 students who had swooped into town, bringing with them the road sign from in front of the school. They blew kazoes, clicked maracas and held pep rallies at the drop of a Viking helmet—inspired all the while by such slogans as "Swedes Are No Meatballs."

The combination of several thousand Augustana and Stippery Rock students made the consolation game, won by the Vikings 96-93, seem more like a championship fight. The title game itself was strangely un-mossy since the Maryland and North Carolina schools had no more than 100 hometown rooters there between them. "No matter," said a Guilford fan, whose football team has lost 25 consecutive games. "It's quality rather than quantity that matters."

EWG

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.



America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine.
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

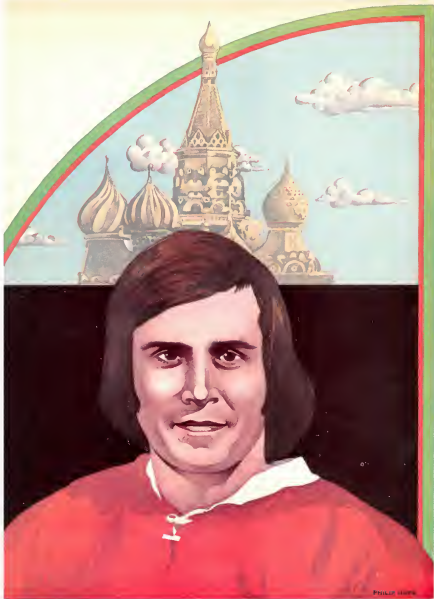
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

The Rinks Were Running Red

Canadians plunged from chauvinistic heights to icy despair when the Russians opened an epic series with a bloodletting. A thoughtful goalie writes of Team Canada's humiliation and eventual redemption—and his own—in the last seconds of the last game

by KEN DRYDEN
with MARK MULVOY





PHILIP HOFF

CONTINUED

AUGUST 12: Judging from the attitude of the people I have encountered the past few days, if we don't win this series 8-0 it will be a black mark for Canada. The newspapers, the television, the radio, the people in the street all say it has to be eight straight. Anyone who dares suggest that Canada might lose a game to the Russians becomes an instant outcast. We must not only win eight straight, but by big scores. Millions of Canadians are convinced that the Russians are villains, interlopers with the girl and the audacity to challenge us at our own game.

AUGUST 27: I didn't see the Russian scouts peeking around last night, so I guess they have returned to Moscow to tell their players how good we are. Or maybe how bad we are. The two of them, Boris Kulagin and Arkady Tcherneshev, seemed to make notes about everything that happened in our practices. If, say, Frank Mahovlich takes 1.96538 seconds to go from blue line to blue line, I'm sure the Russians know it by now.

I gather that the Russians take the same approach to hockey scouting as football scouts do in the United States. They will probably feed all the information into a computer and come up with a way to stop Phil Esposito when he has the puck on his stick 20 feet in front of the net. If they do, I hope they'll give me a copy of the computer print-out at the end of the series. Anytime.

Tcherneshev was a jovial sort but Kulagin never cracked a smile. One night some Canadian scouts took Tcherneshev to see *The Godfather* at a movie theater in Toronto. Tcherneshev said he had read the book and wanted the scouts to know that there is no Mafia in Russia.

AUGUST 30: I have to laugh at the way the experts break down the components of a hockey game. The general consensus seems to be this:

- Shooting—Canada
- Passing—Russia
- Hockey Sense—Canada
- Conditioning—Russia
- Goaltending—Canada

So at the end, Tony Esposito, Eddie Johnston and I are being counted on to provide the big extra edge. But who is to say that our goaltending is any better? In a short series all that's necessary

is for one goaltender to get hot. And who is to say that goaltending superiority—if we have that—will be a weightier factor than conditioning or passing? My worst games in the NHL generally have been against the New York Rangers, who have the best passing attack in the league. So what will happen against the Russians, who probably pass the puck better than the Rangers ever dreamed?

AUGUST 31: The Russians arrived in Montreal at nine o'clock last night, and at nine o'clock this morning they were on the ice at the suburban St. Laurent Arena for what Coach Vsevolod Bobrov called a "light drill." Light drill? For the next 90 minutes the 27 Russian players skated nonstop through an involved series of exercises that Canadians had never witnessed before. The Russians evidently restrict practice to game-situation drills and intrasquad scrimmages; they shun the caffeine shoot, shoot, shoot type of program that dominates Canadian hockey practices.

No Russian player sat down during the workout or leaned over the boards to catch his breath or take a squirt of water. Bobrov had them doing push-ups off the ice, body rolls on it, and various other drills, including somersaults on skates.

After a long afternoon nap and then some sightseeing, the Russians were back on the ice for a 60-minute workout. Someone asked one of the Russian interpreters if the players were tired because of the two workouts and the seven-hour time difference between Moscow and Montreal. At 8 p.m. in Montreal it is 3 a.m. the next day in Moscow.

"No," the interpreter said. "For the last two weeks the Russian players have been living on Montreal time. They did not have to adjust their watches or their bodies when they landed."

SEPTEMBER 2: It's over now. More than 100 million people watched the game on television in the Soviet Union. Several million watched it in Europe. More than 17 million watched it here in Canada and in the United States. And there were almost 20,000 live witnesses in the Forum. Right now I'll bet that every one of them knows Valery Kharlamov's middle name is Borisovich and Vladislav

Tretiak's middle name is Alexandrovich. Everything was set up for a great Canadian party. Then the Russians had to come along and spoil it by playing 60 minutes of hockey better than any of us had dreamed. They beat us, and they deserved the victory.

We had started out quickly, in retrospect, maybe too quickly. Phil Esposito rapped a rebound past Tretiak when the game was only 30 seconds old. I felt pretty confident. Then we scored again. Bobby Clarke clearly won a face-off to Tretiak's right, drew the puck back to Muller Henderson, and he scored. Tretiak never moved on Phil's shot. Two goals in less than seven minutes. We were on our way.

But we were not going to win this game easily. They were on the verge of clicking. They started to pass the puck with beautiful combinations. There was Yevgeny Zimin hanging one in from the crease. 2-1. They received a penalty, they muffed our power play. They got another penalty, they muffed our power play again. They scored again. Boris Mikhailov and Vladimir Petrov broke down ice on a two-on-one, the kind of play the Russians always work on in practice. I stopped Mikhailov's shot—but Petrov put in the rebound. 2-2.

As I skated to the dressing room at the end of the period I realized it was going to be a long, tough game. Harry Sinden, our coach, came into the room, his tie loosened, perspiration running down his face.

"We're in a hockey game," he said. "You didn't expect anything else, did you?" There was an eerie silence in the room. No. No. No. We didn't expect anything else. Of course not. But of course we did. We had superior skills.

Final score: Russia 7, Team Canada 3. "The catastrophe of the century" was what one NHL executive called it.

SEPTEMBER 3: We are back in Toronto where we had trained. It is almost 4 a.m. and I cannot get to sleep. I keep asking myself all kinds of questions. How did we lose? Why did we lose? What does it all mean now? Questions. Questions. Questions. But few answers. I have to ask myself why I didn't play better.

I think there are a couple of reasons why we lost. We definitely were not in physical or mental shape. We were in

shape for practice sessions, intrasquad games and perhaps even early-season NHL games against players also not in very good condition. But we were hardly in condition to play against a team of strong skaters who are always in superior shape.

For some reason we all felt that we had to do everything now in order to break the backs of the Russians. The result was that we abandoned our controlled game and began to play scatterbrained hockey. We kept trying to bull our way through three, four, even five Russian players. We became too individualistic. We panicked.

Being down by one or two goals is not a disaster but we reacted as though the sky had fallen. Then we started to hit but you must be in shape to hit effectively. We were hitting the Russians all right but we were bouncing off them.

I hope we learned that you can't intimidate the Russians. They never abandon their style. They are so disciplined it's amazing. In the end we started to take cheap shots at them. They took them and laughed at us. From previous experiences I know that when players on one team begin to take cheap shots, the other team thinks they're pretty bush. I can imagine what the Russians think of us now. Here were the frustrated Canadian professionals trying to be vicious. We were very lucky that the referees didn't penalize us more than they did during the last period. Certainly it was not a classy ending.

Before the series, all the experts said that Team Canada goaltenders would make the difference, that the Russian goalies were not used to the hard NHL shots and would wilt at the sight and sound of them. Well it sure didn't turn out that way. We never took a real hard shot at Tretiak from more than 25 feet out because the Russian forwards and defensemen checked us beautifully. Tretiak may have a weakness on long, hard shots but we never tested him. The only good chances we had against him were

rebound shots, and he is extremely agile in close.

The Russians may have a shooting weakness, but they controlled the puck so well in our zone that they set up their players for easy, close-in shots that left the goaltender with little hope of making the save. When you shoot from 15 feet out, you don't have to shoot very hard.



Moscow's Institute of Physical Culture was eye-opening.

SEPTEMBER 4: Now the politicians are saying that this series will promote a closer understanding between peoples of different nations with different lifestyles and will foster a spirit of brotherhood and closer attachment. In some remote way the politicians may be right, but there are a lot of barriers to a world of understanding and brotherhood and I don't know whether a hockey series, especially one which has been approached like this one, will have any significant benefit. What I mean to say is, as far as the vast majority of Canadians are concerned, this series was not conceived in the spirit of brotherhood and understanding but as a means of putting down the Russians and reasserting our claim to world hockey supremacy.

Sinden and Assistant Coach John Fer-

guson are making two technical changes in our plan for the second game in Toronto. First, we will fire the puck into the Russian zone all night and then chase it with some strong, vigorous forechecking. Second, instead of having our wings check the Russian defensemen in our zone, they will stay in our corners a bit longer to give the defensemen some extra help. The Russians use their defensemen as pivots on the attack with their forwards making most of the plays and taking most of the shots, so our centers will try to handle the two defensemen alone.

All the changes worked very well, and we won 4-1. Tony Esposito played a strong, confident game in goal and repeatedly made the big saves. The defensemen all stayed up, kept the Russian forwards away from the net and managed to get the puck out of our zone without any great difficulty. Up from we charged into the corners all night, particularly Wayne Cashman and Jean-Paul Parise, and at times intimidated the Russians—something I had thought impossible. It was very blatant at times. A lot of high sticks were rubbed under the noses

of the Russians to suggest what might happen later. There were also a few cheap shots. Sometimes it was almost embarrassing to watch. If I had been one of the Russian players I'd have thought: "These Canadians must be awfully brutal to be going around and doing these things all the time."

SEPTEMBER 5: Headline in the *Toronto Star*: WE DID IT! 4-1. No editorials today. No muckraking. Just stories about how we won the game.

There is no doubt in my mind that Tony will play again in Winnipeg tomorrow night. He deserves to. So I'm still out in the woods, or still in the stands. It hurts a bit and it will continue to hurt. I have not had the feeling very often in my athletic career but I will learn from it. At least I hope I will.

continued

Running Red continued

SEPTEMBER 6: While dressing for practice this morning, I couldn't find one of my goalie's skates. I looked in my equipment bag, under the bench, all over the room. Finally I noticed that my skate was being used as a stop to keep our door open. The blade was wedged between the bottom of the door and the floor. Red Berenson also noticed the skate and said, "Well, Dryden, that's the first thing you've stopped all week." Thanks!

Tony Esposito played very well again. With 13 seconds left in the game he preserved a tie with a great save on Aleksander Maltsev. We took a 4-2 lead but Tretiak kept the Russians in the game with 38 saves, including a point-blank grab of a Paul Henderson shot from about eight feet out in the final period. "That kid was not supposed to have a glove hand," Sinden said later. Final score: 4-4.

Later we tried to rationalize the result by saying we blew a certain victory. We didn't blow it. The Russians took it. We said they were lucky and got all the breaks. No way. They were behind but they didn't get discouraged and they made their own breaks. They showed they can play at least two kinds of game. In Montreal they applied sustained pressure for 60 minutes. Here in Winnipeg they were snag opportunists. It must be comforting for them to realize that they are never out of a game. How often do teams come back twice from two goals down in the NHL?

SEPTEMBER 8: The Vancouver papers are suggesting that Sinden's decision to play me tonight is a mistake because Tony did so well in the last two games. On the other hand it could be a brilliant decision, considering that I now have something to prove to Harry, my teammates, the Russian players and everyone else.

It's difficult not to think about what Tretiak has been doing to us. In fact we seem to think and talk about him more than any of the other Soviet players. Like what Eddie Johnston was saying this afternoon: "Pressure doesn't seem to bother him at all. I don't think he's superhuman. Eventually it will get to him. He's young now. He'll learn what pressure is, but you look at him out there and if he gets a bad goal scored on him, well, it doesn't seem to bother him. But that's only part of it. How many rebounds has he given up? He

stands there, traps the puck in his pads, and people wait around for it to fall but nothing happens.

"How would he do in the NHL? Let's just say he's doing pretty well against the best in the NHL right now. I thought—and I'm not alone—that when some of our big guys started shooting at him that he'd be looking for the door to his dressing room. I thought our guys would run right over him. Geez, he's only 20, and he's doing this to us."

Well, he did it again. It was 5-3 this time. All I remember are the boos. It's hard to say that a team feels defeated before the game but we seemed to have a sort of a "Let's get it over with and get to Moscow" attitude.

SEPTEMBER 19: One thing that has become very obvious is that Bobby Orr will not be playing in Moscow. His knee still flares up after he skates, so the doctors don't even want him to scrimmage. Today he was walking in downtown Stockholm, where we have played two exhibition games with the Swedes, and almost fell over when the knee suddenly locked.

I've resigned myself to the fact that I probably won't be playing in Moscow, either. Tony played very well the first game in Stockholm, and Eddie Johnston was superb in the second game. They'll probably split the games in Russia. Now I'll have to think about getting myself ready for the start of the NHL season. We still have a whole season to play.

SEPTEMBER 21: The bus ride to the hockey rink takes you through much of Moscow. After a pleasant riverside drive past an enormous chemical plant you finally reach the Lenin Sports Complex in Luzhnicki. This vast area at the foot of the Lenin Hills contains a 100,000-seat soccer stadium, the 14,000-seat Palace of Sport hockey rink, two swimming pools, several dozen tennis and basketball courts and two bandy rinks.

The hockey stadium is unique. The seating area is rectangular, so that the sections at the ends of the rink are not rounded at all. The rink itself is not com-

tered in this rectangle, so about 40% of all the seats are at one end of the rink, behind the goal line. The first row of seats is about 15 feet from the boards on the sides and about 100 feet from the boards at one end. The people in the far corner might as well be sitting in Kiev. The 3,000 Canadians who are here for the series all have seats in the far end, but what else did they expect? Instead of unbreakable glass, the Russians have put netting on top of the boards behind the goals. This will cause some problems because pucks will come off the taut netting with a slingshot effect. I watched one puck rebound all the way out past the blue line on the fly.

Back at the hotel, Vic Hadfield, Rick Martin and Jocelyn Guerevont came around to say goodbye. Rumors had been circulating that we might be having some defections, but I couldn't believe they were true. Thinking about it, I don't understand how a player can leave. Sure, I'm certain some people are hurt and disappointed that they have not been playing, but at the same time what can they gain by going home? We are all part of a team and presumably should have some interest in how things are going around here. The alternative to staying here and cheering on the team is going home to training camp and facing a lot of criticism. They will be returning to something they have gone through before, playing meaningless games in small cities before small audiences.

SEPTEMBER 22: I went up to the rink early so I could watch the Russians warm up. As in Canada the Russians had a highly disciplined, highly organized series of drills that would tire out a lot of professional teams.

Consider Tretiak. After a brief skate he moves into his net and does some stretching exercises. Then he begins his warmup. It starts with Vladimir Shadrin lining up seven or eight pucks about 12 feet away and then rapidly firing them at preplanned spots. He'll fire a batch of shots low to Tretiak's left, then others high to his right. Tretiak knows where Shadrin will be shooting, which seems to defeat the purpose of a warmup, but at the same time he gets himself into the habit of moving in the right way to stop the type of shot he will see most often in the game. He rehearses his moves; simultaneously he familiarizes

This article is an excerpt from "Face-Off at the Summit," which was published this month by Little, Brown & Company, Inc.

continued



GINGHAM IS UPDATED, URBANIZED TO BE THE PIVOT POINT OF A NEW WARDROBE. WITH GANT'S NEW ESSEX SPREAD COLLAR, IT BOASTS OUR BEST CREDENTIALS: SINGLE-NEEDLE STITCHING, TAILORED FIT, METICULOUS DETAIL. POLYESTER AND COTTON. TIE IN POLYESTER/WOOL CHALLIS. BY GANT SHIRTMAKERS, NEW HAVEN, CONN. 06509.



A CONSOLIDATED ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE COMPANY RESPONSIVE TO CONSUMER NEEDS

THE GANT ATTITUDE



Some of the best outfielders in the world are named Huffy.

And some of the best infielders, too.

For no matter what kind or size lawn you have, Huffy has a mower that'll gobble up the grass. Swiftly. Efficiently. And for less money than you imagined possible.

Riding mowers for big yards. With easy-starting engines. Easy-to-change cutting heights. And with cutting widths up to 32" so you can spend less time in the outfield, and more time in your easy chair.

Some have floating decks. Others have comfortable, padded seats that give you a royal ride.

Huffy has rotary push mowers, too. Some don't even need pushing, for they're self-propelled.

And all Huffy® mowers, rotary push models or the riders, either meet or exceed all industry standards for safety.

Finally, of course, there are Huffy® tillers. Strong. Durable. With the tiller weight scientifically distributed over the tines for maximum efficiency.

And tiller or mower, every piece of Huffy lawn and garden equipment is backed by more than 1800 service centers across the U.S.

So whether you have a ball-park of a yard, or a postage-stamp lawn, remember Huffy.

America's major league name in lawn and garden help.

Huffman, Dayton, Ohio 45401.



We don't cut corners on quality.

Running Red *continued*

himself with the net. Very sensible, if you ask me. And something I have never thought about. After Shadrin finishes, Tretiak skates off to a corner and practices doing splits on the ice and then getting back up instantly.

Meanwhile the Russian forwards and defensemen work on game-type situations like three-on-twins and two-on-ones and get into the habit of passing the puck around and stickhandling out of the zone. They must use 15 pucks during their warmup; we use one or two. In one drill each player takes a puck and skates at full speed inside the zone, stickhandling all the time. It looks like a demolition derby as the players frantically try to avoid one another. At the same time it reminds them to keep their heads up and teaches puck control. At the end of the workout Tretiak looks exhausted. No wonder. He must have stopped 200 shots. He'll be happy when the game begins because he won't have to work so hard.

The Russian fans behave much differently than their North American counterparts. For most of a game they sit on their hands, and as you look at them all they seem to be a sea of brown, black and gray anonymity. They rarely clap or boo, if they think the referee has made a mistake or if they think the opposition is too rough, they whistle sharply. About the only encouragement they ever shout to their own players is the command "Shutba, shutba." Shutba means puck, oddly enough; I guess they want their comrades to put the puck in the net.

As our first Moscow game began, I noticed a startling change in the Russians' style. In Canada their defensemen were primarily feeders; that is, they passed the puck to their forwards. But in this game Yuri Lapien and Vladimir Lutschenko, the best young Russian defensemen, rushed the puck themselves and shot it at the net from the blue line.

We started out very strongly, forechecking the Russians closely and disrupting their slick passing game before they ever had a chance to get started. Late in the first period Gilbert Perreault took a pass from Rod Gilbert and made a great move around Alexander Ragulin. Suddenly he whipped a perfect pass out to J.P. Parise in the slot and J.P. blasted the puck past Tretiak.

Early in the second period Bobby

Clarke cut in front of Tretiak and stuffed the puck through his legs. 2-0. Then Henderson slapped in a rebound at 11:58 to make it 3-0. After the period Bill Good interviewed me on Canadian television and asked if I thought we'd have any difficulty protecting the lead during the final 20 minutes. "No," I said. "We've got the old adrenalin flowing now, and you don't get weary when there are 3,000 fans cheering like crazy and you have a chance not only to win the game but also tie the series."

But, Geez Murphy, those final 20 minutes. We played stupidly. Instead of continuing the forechecking tactics that had worked so well the first two periods, we stayed back and let the Russians take the puck to us.

Yvan Cournoyer twice had excellent chances on semi-breakaways—but he missed. Poor Yvan is in a little slump. I think he is trying to finesse the goaltenders instead of firing his hard, high shot at them. It's ironic, but I think part of Yvan's problem comes from listening to his own goalies. For years Yvan used to devastate them in practice sessions with his hard shots, and we finally convinced him to take it a bit easy on us. Now he's gotten into the habit of winding up and then holding back and trying to make a play instead of a shot. The Soviets weren't holding back. Final score: Russia 5, Canada 4.

Our dressing room was absolutely silent. Total depression had set in. How could this happen? Phil Esposito looked over at me and said it was like that Boston-Montreal playoff game in 1971 when the Canadiens scored five third-period goals to win 7-5. Now we are down 3-1-1 and facing the bleak prospect of having to win the next three games to win the series.

Still, I can't say the Russians were lucky to win. They are a very strong offensive team, not 20 guys dependent upon a star to bail them out. They never quit. They stuck to their normal, organized plan of attack, and eventually it paid off.

SEPTEMBER 23: Midway through today's workout I took a break and went over to the boards for a squirt of water.

"How are you feeling, big guy?" John Ferguson asked.

"All right, I guess," I answered, "but I'm still making stupid mistakes."

"Don't worry about them," Fergy

said, "so long as you don't make them tomorrow night."

"What?"

It was the first indication I had had since we left Canada 11 days ago that I might play in Moscow. I was bewildered. I had not played a game in more than two weeks. Here I was with a terrible record against the Russians and an astronomical goals-against average. It didn't make sense. And Tony, of course, had played very well Friday night even though we lost the game.

SEPTEMBER 24: Ever feel so nervous, so on edge that you almost can't stand up? That's the way I feel right now—and it's only a quarter to nine in the morning, still 11 hours away from game time. I haven't felt this shaky in years. The fear of failure is wicked. I did not have any such feelings even the night before my first Stanley Cup game against Boston in 1971. After all, I had played six NHL games at the end of the regular season and we had won all six. But my record against the Russians. . . .

I wonder how the other players feel about Harry's decision to play me again. I'm sure they think Tony should be in goal tonight, and I can't really blame them. I haven't given them many reasons to believe that all of a sudden I'll play well against the Russians. But now that I think about it, there are a few reasons why I might:

1) I was rusty in Canada but now I have two games and a month of practice under my belt.

2) I have changed my style to accommodate the strong points of the Soviet game. Mentally, at least, this seems to have caused a big improvement in my performances. Instead of coming out of the net as I did in Canada—only to get hit by the Russians' short-passing game—I'll stay closer in. Although I still haven't tried the new style in a game, I have developed a quiet confidence in it. At first it was new and I didn't know if I could play that way or indeed if it was the right way. Now I'm certain; so certain, in fact, that I know that under pressure I will not revert back to the old Dryden style.

3) The team is playing much better.

The Russians roared out for the first period, and in the early moments I made three really good saves. Each time I stopped the puck I had a feeling of ac-

continued

compliment. I also became more confident, more and more at home. We had to play shorthanded for almost six minutes right after the midway point of the first period, but again I made some good saves on tough shots. I was staying in my net and I was moving fast enough to pick off the close-in shots. I also was a bit lucky late in the period when Kharlamov—perched at the corner of the crease—but the goaltender when he had about half the net staring at him.

Early in the second period the Russians scored when Yuri Liapkin fired a low shot from the blue line that tipped off the back of someone's skate and flew into the far corner just past my glove. Then suddenly we came back ourselves and scored three goals within 83 seconds. First it was Dennis Hull banging a loose puck under Tretiak. Then it was Yvan Cournoyer slapping in a rebound. Finally it was Paul Henderson intercepting a clearing pass at the blue line, taking two long strides and then firing a bouncing 40-footer to Tretiak's left. Now we led 3-1.

I can't explain what happened next. We had the game under control. We were up two goals, we had momentum and we remembered what had happened two nights before: five Russian goals in the third period. All we had to do was play smart, positional, close-checking hockey. For some reason, though, we didn't. We played stupidly. We began to get penalties and penalties and more penalties.

So suddenly it was 3-2 as Yakushev scored on another power play late in the second period. And more trouble was on the way. Half a minute later Phil Esposito took a five-minute penalty for cutting Ragulin with a high stick in the corner, and at the same time the referees added on a two-minute bench penalty for something Fergy said to them. Geez Murphy.

They came at us in brigades, but our defencemen, particularly Serge Savard (who had cracked his ankle only 17 days before in Winnipeg), repeatedly broke up their passing plays near the net. Once I thought the Russians scored. I believe they thought they had scored, too. But the red light never went on. Alexander Yakushev was on my right and he passed the puck across the goal mouth to Kharlamov, who was at the corner of the crease. I felt helpless as I moved over to try and stop Kharlamov's shot. The

puck hit my pad and caromed toward the net. What happened next I don't know. The puck could have hit the goalpost and flown back to me. Or it could have hit the mesh netting inside the net and flown back. All I knew was that the puck was in my glove and the referee was whistling the play dead.

Thank goodness the period ended a few seconds later. In the room we dressed ourselves down pretty severely. We realized we were losing control of our emotions and the game. Despite everything, though, we were ahead. Harry told us: "Let's concentrate and win the game."

We could not have played a better third period. The Russians didn't challenge us because we never let them. We didn't score ourselves but we were always in control, until the last two minutes of the period when Ron Ellis took a holding penalty. Trouble, Liapkin almost scored through a screen, but the puck bounced off the edge of my pads. Then Lutschenko almost caught the corner from 25 feet, but the puck deflected off my glove. The last gasp!

It was over. We had rallied. We had won 3-2. I had finally beat the Russians. It sounds like a cliché, but I felt that the weight of the world had been lifted from my back. My wife Lynda told me that a fan sitting near her in the stands called Sinden a "jerk" for "playing that idiot Dryden." She said she was exhausted. "What are you tired about?" I asked. She gave me a dirty look. "Listen," she said, "if you knew what I went through tonight you'd be tired, too."

SEPTEMBER 25: At practice Harry said Tony would play the seventh game tomorrow night and that I'd play the eighth game regardless of the situation. Later on I took a couple of pucks and fired them into the net from the spot where Kharlamov apparently missed that sure goal last night. The netting is pretty tight there. A puck could boomerang in and out in a fraction of a second.

Bobrov, the Soviet coach, even suggested in an interview with *Sovetsky Sport* that Kharlamov did indeed put the puck into the net. In the interview he stressed how the Russians controlled themselves with respect to debating the officials and used the Kharlamov non-goal as an example. Possibly he is right. The Russians certainly did not protest at the time. They questioned in a minor

way, quietly asking the referee if the puck went in, but when he said no they quickly dropped the subject. Now if the same thing had happened in North America, I suspect that the reaction would have been a bit more vehement. Someone certainly would have whacked a stick against the glass in front of the goal judge's seat at the very least.

The Soviet newspapers murmured us. B. Fedosov, writing in *Izvestia*, said: "The Canadians were openly hunting after Kharlamov. This apology for hockey is alien to us and this is why our sportsmen did not hit back either in Toronto or in Moscow. Phil Esposito was especially rude. If rudeness is a tactical principle of Canadian professionals, then this undermines the essence of sports competition and may make it impossible."

SEPTEMBER 26: I worked out for an hour this morning so I could stay sharp for the eighth game on Thursday night. E.J. will be the backup goalie for Tony tonight. After the workout I went over to the Institute of Sports and Physical Culture, the nerve center for Soviet sports. It is located in an old building that was once the residence of some famous Russian count. The building is in bad repair but a new one already has been built across town, where the workmen are adding some final touches.

Entering the building, I walked down a long hallway that had detailed medical charts encased on the walls. The charts showed not only bones and muscles but also nerves and blood vessels for every part of the body. I have no background at all in biology or anatomy, so the charts and graphs meant little to me. Still, it hit me that whoever uses these things—future players and instructors—certainly will benefit from them. The Soviet athletic system emphasizes that you must know the limits and potentials of your own body. By knowing where an injury is and what effect it will have on your performance, by being able to semi-diagnose your injury before the doctor does, you can determine not only how serious it is but whether you should continue to perform with it. By knowing your body well you can better inform the doctor where the injury and the pain really are located.

Beyond that first corridor there was another corridor with another series of glass encasements on the wall. This time,

continued

Why do you smoke?

With what you've been hearing about smoking these days, you probably wonder sometimes why you smoke at all.

Yet you enjoy it.

Because smoking a cigarette can be one of those rare and pleasurable private moments.

And the chances are you don't want to give up any of that.

Which brings us to Vantage.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who don't entertain the idea of giving up cigarettes because they find cigarettes too entertaining.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who have come to realize that most cigarettes that give them the flavor they want also give them a lot of the 'tar' and the nicotine that they may not want.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who've found that most low 'tar' cigarettes don't give them anything at all.

The thing that makes Vantage special is that its filter is based on a new design concept that gives smokers the flavor of a full-flavor cigarette without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine.

Now we don't want to suggest that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find.

It isn't.

But it sure is the lowest one that will give you enjoyment.

And that's why you smoke. Right?



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. 72.

though, they contained mock-ups of the bones, ligaments and muscles, as well as the joints and skull points. They were ultragraphic, you might say. It was intriguing to see the exact structure of the knee. For many years now I have been reading about torn ligaments and torn cartilages without really understanding what they were. Now, the next time someone gets such an injury I will at least be able to comprehend what has happened.

At the end of the second corridor we noticed some of the instructors. One of them spoke a few words of English and sort of understood us. Then that person left and in a few minutes came back with his sister, a lady named Helen Anisimova, who spoke excellent English and agreed to be our interpreter. She took us through the main office complex of the institute and then into the office of the director. In the room with him were five instructors, including a former star of the national soccer team. For the next two hours we asked questions.

We learned that prospective coaches attend the Moscow institute 10 hours a week for five years. Four of the hours are devoted to theory and the nontheoretical aspects of sport, the other six hours to practical teaching. The instructors break down the mechanics of shooting, passing and goaltending. They also discuss oxygen intake and lung capacity and other things that coaches in North America are only lightly exposed to, if at all.

Thinking about this, I must dispute the charge that once sport is made scientific it is no longer is sport. That's stupid thinking. Sport is much more than just the naked physicality of competition. It does involve the mind as well as the body. Sport, to me, should develop the entire person. The philosophy of sport seems antiquated in North America while the Russians have modernized everything. Their coaches and athletes understand the reasons for doing things. We are told to do something and we do it, without any explanation of the purpose.

At the rink the Canadian fans seemed noisier than ever. They had coined a new chant: "*Do do Canada, niet niet Soviet!*"—and the din was terrific. Russian militiamen confiscated all the Canadian air horns at the gates, but that didn't seem to stop our inventive fans.

One man taped an air horn on his recorder and had no trouble smuggling it in under his coat. So the militiamen understandably went into a rage when they heard it inside.

As the clock ticked away it looked certain that this seventh game of the series would end in a 3-3 tie. With 3½ minutes to go, Boris Mikhailov and Gary Bergman went off after a pretty good fight in the corner, and after that the Russians were in a defensive pose. There were barely two minutes left to play when Savard got the puck in center ice and passed to Henderson.

Paul crossed the blue line, faked to his right, cut to his left—leaving Gennadi Tsygankov, the defenseman, somewhere in Leningrad—and bore down on Tretak. As the goaltender went down, Henderson fired the puck over his right shoulder—just inside the post—and the red light went on. Henderson was sprawled on the ice, so was Tretak. Paul got up first. Tony Esposito made a big save as we killed the last two minutes pretty well—and the series was all tied at 3-3-1.

I had mixed emotions as I walked toward the dressing room. I was happy that we had won, of course, but now I realized that we had to win the final game. And I would be playing goal. Wouldn't it be nice to live without that pressure the next two days? All the other Canadians were jubilant. They were even singing *Angie Bells* because it was snowing outside. I could not share their jubilation at the time. I was shock up, nervous.

"You better be ready Thursday night, big guy," said one Canadian. I walked out to meet Lynda, carrying a toy goaltender doll that the daughter of an Austrian embassy official had given to me before the game. Maybe if I wound up the doll it would stop the Russians in the last game. I had better wind myself up, too.

SEPTEMBER 28: I tried to convince myself that it was just another big game. I had played for the NCAA championship and I had played the seventh and final game for the Stanley Cup. What was there to worry about now? But I was more nervous than ever. I went upstairs to get a few things from the room and suddenly the phone rang. I picked it up but whoever was on the other end had hung up. Then it rang again. It was Irina, the

interpreter-guide who had driven us around Moscow a few days before. She asked if Lynda was there and I said no. Then she asked if I could meet her in the lobby. I went down to see her, and she had a present for us: a small, hand-made chess set. I was touched by the gesture and I couldn't thank her enough. What's Harry Sinden saying about the game? "It should be the greatest ever played." Well, I hope so.

In the dressing room and out on the ice during the warmup there weren't as many back pats as there had been before the sixth game. Considering the pressure I felt, the absence of overt encouragement was a welcome relief. The guys had been uncertain about Ken Dryden. Now it seemed they were not.

As we skated onto the ice the 3,000 Canadian fans began to shout, "*Do do Canada, niet niet Soviet!*" From the other end the Russians responded with whistles and chants of "*shasha, shasha, shasha!*" The players were introduced, the national anthems played, then we exchanged gifts at center ice. We gave the Russians three-gallon hats, and Kharlamov—back in the lineup after recovering from his injury—immediately put his hat on his head and skated toward the bench. Game time.

I always like to handle the puck a couple of times right at the start of the game. The Russians obliged by taking two good shots within the first minute. I stopped both of them without any difficulty—and then the nervousness, the tension seemed to leave. But soon we ran into some trouble of our own making. Rudy Batja called a tripping penalty on Bill White at 2:25 of the first period, and just 36 seconds later Joseph Kempella sent Peter Mahovlich to the box for holding. Why? Why? Let's settle down, guys. We are going to get ourselves in deep trouble.

The Russians organized their power play beautifully and passed the puck around precariously in our zone. Someone shot. I kicked it out with my left pad, but the rebound slid across to Yakushev and he fired it under my arm. *Bovm!* The Russians led 1-0. We still have 56 minutes to play and we're already down a goal. Two and a half minutes later we get a break. Barja detected Gennadi Tsygankov interfering with someone in front of the Russians' goal, and off he went for two minutes. Just 17 seconds later Phil Esposito tied the score by rap-

continued

This year we'll plant two trees for every family in America.



Our plan is for more than 100 million seedlings in 1973.

This means an average planting of about 275,000 seedlings a day on Weyerhaeuser lands.

The program is ambitious. And it's expensive. But it's necessary. Particularly if we are to help keep up with your individual demands for wood products.

As a matter of fact, every man, woman and child in the U.S. will use the equivalent of a 100-foot tree this year, and every year.

But forests do more than provide wood. They add beauty. Enrich the ecology for all living things. And provide land for recreation.

Right now we have 5.7 million acres in all stages of growth. Some

are mature trees ready for harvest this year. Others are for the future.

This is another way we keep our forests green and growing. Forever.

For a free booklet on Weyerhaeuser High Yield Forestry, write us at Box Y-4, Tacoma, Washington 98401.





Gustav Klimt

by Werner Hofmann,
with 42 color and 100 b. & w. ill.
This dazzling volume is the only
clothbound book on the Viennese
master now in print. At bookstores
or from **New York Graphic
Society**, Greenwich, Conn. 06830
\$24.95



You ask a lot of your car and trust
your life to it. You'll be safer and
more comfortable, too, if you have
it equipped with Thruway
Premiums . . . the heavy duty, extra-
service shock absorbers. Larger
pistons and heavier construction
throughout provide greater sta-
bility, better handling and braking,
and reduce driver fatigue.

All-weather hydraulic fluid gives
instant shock action from 50°
below to 300° above. You ask your
car to give you a safe, comfortable
ride. It will be able

**the
shock
of
your
life!**

to meet your
demands
better with
Thruway
Premiums
. . . the safe, sure
way to go.

GOERLICH
1 Thruway
MUFFLERS/SHOCKS
the safe, sure way to go!



Goerlich/Box 537
Toledo, Ohio 43693

DON'T MISS THRUWAY CAR & TRUCK,
THE EXCITING ALL AUTOMOTIVE TV SHOW
See your TV GUIDE for local time and station.

Running Red continued

ping in a loose puck at the goal mouth.

Strange: For seven games the referees had practically ignored what Canadians think is interference, and now they suddenly were calling interference penalties. At 9:27 of the first period Ron Ellis, who was assigned to follow Kharlamov all over the ice after the game in Winnipeg and who has shut him off the scoreboard since, went out for interfering with him. Nineteen seconds later Vladimir Petrov got an interference penalty, too. At 12:51 Batja sent Courmoyer to the penalty box for interfering with Aleksander Maltsev. All these interference penalties in less than 13 minutes.

While Courmoyer was in the box, Lutchenko put the Russians ahead 2-1 with a long screen shot that I never saw until it was past me. We continued to press, and with just about three minutes left in the period Brad Park—playing his best game of the series by far—stole the puck at center ice and fed it to Jean Ratelle. Working the give-and-go perfectly, the two Rangers bore down on the right wing. Ratelle delayed just long enough to lure the defenseman out, then fed the puck ahead to Park. Brad put a great move on Tretak as he cut in off the right side and flipped the puck past the goalie's right shoulder. A classic goal. So the score was tied again.

I have mentioned the netting that the Russians installed in place of glass behind the goal. In the opening seconds of the second period Yakushev fired a hard shot at me from about 45 feet out. The shot obviously was going to be wide of the goal, so I had two choices: I could go out, catch the puck and drop it for one of our defensemen, or I could let the shot go, watch the puck rebound off the netting and play it accordingly. The danger involved in the first choice is that it is basically a gamble. Often-times you have to move a great distance to get at the puck, increasing the possibility of it bouncing off your glove toward the goal. So I let the shot go.

The puck snapped into the netting and came off like it had been shot from a sling. In fact, if I had not moved my head at the last second, the puck would have hit it and bounced down into the goal. Instead, it boomeranged out to about 25 feet in front and landed right in the middle of Vladimir Shadrin's stick. Bingo! Suddenly we were down 3-2. I was really upset—until Red Gilbert set up Bill White for the tying goal.

continued

Generation after generation **JIM BEAM**

*Robert Wagner and Bette Davis.
Two different generations but each
a superbly accomplished performer.*

Robert Wagner and Bette Davis are dedicated professionals, honored for their acting accomplishments.

They're of different generations, to be sure, but they share a like, uncompromising love for their craft. That's simply the kind of people they are.

The Beams, too, are craftsmen. And for 178 years now, son following father, they've respected their craft and excelled at it.

The result is a proud Kentucky Bourbon. Smooth and light and mellow.

Jim Beam. For six generations; one family, one formula, one purpose.

The world's finest Bourbon since 1795.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY



Normally in situations like this, much of the emotion of the game depends upon the ability of goaltenders to make what the players call "big" saves. I made the first one, stopping Boris Mikhailov on a two-on-one break at the crease. It gave me a great lift, and I hoped that it would lift the other guys, too. But on the ensuing face-off the Russians scored again. Yakushev got the puck in front and shot it into a corner of the net. Now it was 4-3 and a few minutes later it was 5-3 as the Russians scored their third power-play goal of the game.

A minute later the Russians almost scored again on a three-on-one break but Shadrin fired the puck into my pads as I slid across the goal mouth. That same play would have been an easy goal in Montreal four weeks ago. They played the three-on-one perfectly. The lead man dropped it over to the right wing who, in turn, slipped it across the crease to Shadrin. In the opening game of the series, before I changed my style and became a stay-in-the-net goalie, I would have gone out after either the first man or the second and left the third man to chance. Now when the pass went to Shadrin I instinctively slid across to block the shot. It was probably the best save I made in the entire series.

A few seconds later Phil Esposito made probably a better save, though. Yuri Il'nikov had the puck and was cutting across the net. I moved with him, and as I did he shoveled the puck behind me toward the vacated net. But there was Esposito coming from nowhere to intercept the puck about a foot short of the goal line and skate it out of trouble. Goaltending runs in the Esposito family. Whew!

Despite everything, we were not totally dejected in the dressing room. As Tony Esposito said, "Hey, if they can get five goals on me in one period, we can get three goals on Tretiak in one period." We had to score an early goal in order to build up some momentum though, and avoid having to play an all-out offensive game, leaving defense to chance—usually a disastrous strategy. Phil got it for us. Peter Mahovlich skated around the net and flipped a hard pass out to Phil, who was in his customary position in the slot, about 10 feet in front of Tretiak. Phil gloved the puck like a first baseman and dropped it onto the ice, right onto his stick. Tretiak never had a chance—and we were back in the game. It was our game now,

and for the rest of the period I was practically a spectator as we peppered Tretiak with hard shots from all over the ice. We almost tied the score at the 10-minute mark but Jean Ratelle's backhander flew over an open net. Still, we were pressing well and the Russians didn't seem capable of stopping us now.

At 12:56 Yvan Cournoyer tied it up—or did he? Park kept the puck in at the blue line and shot it in front of Tretiak. Esposito took a whack at it, and for a time it seemed as though all 10 players up the ice were flailing away at the puck. But Cournoyer got it and rifled it past Tretiak. I saw it myself from almost 200 feet down the ice. But the red light never went on. It was in the net, though. We knew it. The Russians knew it. And most important of all, the referees knew it, too.

All of a sudden there was a big commotion over near the penalty box across the ice from the player benches. Obviously irate at the goal judge for not turning on the light, Alan Eagleson, the players' representative, had hopped over the railing onto the floor and was trying to barge through a couple of dozen militiamen. "I wanted to go down and punch the damn goal judge," Eagleson said later. "Here we had tied the most important hockey game ever played and our 3,000 fans here and the 20 million people watching on television in Canada did not know what had happened!" The militiamen surrounded Eagleson and began to hustle him out of the rink, carrying him by his elbows and lifting his feet off the ground.

Peter Mahovlich was the first Canadian player to notice the commotion. "All I saw was The Bird [Eagleson] and all those cops around him," Peter said. He charged across the ice waving his stick, and right behind him were 18 other hockey players, Sinden, Ferguson, the trainers and a couple of guys who weren't playing in the game. Some of our guys hopped over the boards and rescued Eagleson from the militiamen. And then, with AI in their midst, our guys went back to the bench.

It was a comic situation. Here we were springing someone from a national militia and taking him to an unassailable position at our team bench.

Suddenly I had that feeling again. My muscles were tight. The next goal no doubt would be decisive. Externally, internally—there was terrible pressure.

I remember only one thing about the last seven minutes of the game: Paul Henderson scored with just 34 seconds to play. I can still see us moving into their end and noticing on the clock that there was less than a minute left. Then the puck went against the boards, and Esposito and Cournoyer were battling for it. Henderson, meanwhile, was standing near Tretiak, scorned by the other Russians. And then the puck came out of the corner and right in front of Henderson. Paul shot. I saw it go in. But again there was no light. But again there was no question that the puck went in.

Henderson was jumping up and down, and then suddenly all hell broke loose as we all streamed down the ice to salute him. Geez Murphy, what a guy to have on your side in the clutch! He had scored the winning goal in the sixth game. He had scored the winning goal in the last minutes of the seventh game. And now he had scored the go-ahead goal with just 34 seconds to play in the deciding game of the world series. I can't remember the last time I left my goal to go to the opposite end of the ice and congratulate someone, but I set a record for the 180-foot padded skate and joined the mob around Henderson.

Then I realized there were still 34 seconds to play. The Russians had scored twice in nine seconds the other night. It was, without doubt, the longest 34 seconds I have ever played. It seemed like 34 days, but after everything we had been through we weren't going to let anything crush us now. We checked furiously and they never got off a decent shot. It was over, 6-5. The Canadians were singing *O Canada* in the stands and waving their miniature national flags. And then they started a cheer: "We're No 1, we're No 1!"

We are. But I think we have all grown up these past six weeks. From an unswerving commitment to the belief that Canadians are unquestionably the best in the world and that our style is right because we invented the game and developed it, the feeling now seems to have changed to an awareness that the Russians have something going, too. Now there seems to be an appreciation of discipline and passing and skating, and at the same time there is a questioning of the old NHL standards of conditioning and preparedness. Both the Russians and the Canadians have a lot to learn. **END**



The number of people you can get into our boat isn't the only beautiful thing about it.

It's beautiful how many people you can get into a tri-hull howrider.

But, for most tri-hulls, that's where the beauty ends.

They're about as exciting to look at as an old washtub.

At Starcraft, we make our bowriders beautiful to look at as well as comfortable to sit in. We call it Starcraftsmanship.

The standard of excellence that sets a Starcraft apart from any other boat.

And designers, engineers and craftsmen dedicated to the proposition that bowriders can be beautiful as well as practical.

Take our 20' Capri, for example.

The simple fact is that it's the best-looking tri-hull made.

It's got a white and dark blue exterior, a white deck and a sky-blue interior.

Inside, the Capri is loaded with luxurious features.

There's a fully instrumented automotive-type dash. (I.O. only.)

A removable table for dining, cards or crosswords.

A built-in beverage cooler. And storage wells molded into the stern to hold everything from ski ropes to hair spray.

Our 20' Capri seats 11.

The bow-compartment has vinyl-covered

foam seat cushions and backrests. A safety glass walk-through windshield lets you get easily from the bow to the stern. In back are reclining sleeper seats and stern seats. There's luxurious marine pile carpeting throughout.

A convertible top, tonneau covers and side curtains keep you dry when it rains. A camper top converts it to a part-time home.

But, with Starcraftsmanship, comfort only starts inside the Capri.

We designed it with our wide-stance tri-hull to give your family a safe, smooth stable ride even in rough water.

And we built it with fiberglass that's not only beautiful but pound for pound stronger and more durable than steel. To give you years of maintenance-free operation.

Starcraftsmanship gives you more after you buy, too. Like our excellent warranties.

Our high resale values. Service from our 1200 dealers and 30 distributor service centers.

The Capri comes in 20' and 17' I.O. and O.B. and 15' and 14' O.B.

See the complete line of Capri bowriders at your Starcraft dealer.

Or write to the Starcraft Company, Dept. E29-3, Goshen, Indiana, 46526, for further information.

The Starcraft Capri. The beauty of it is in the **holding.** **STARCRAFT**



Starcraft. The more you live with it, the more you appreciate it.

Your choice of FREE UMBRELLAS when you save for a rainy day at LaSalle

*Just open a
\$200 savings
account or
add \$200
to your
present
account*



LaSalle

...the bank on the move

You get your choice of either a man's or woman's folding umbrella ... FREE... when you open a LaSalle Savings Account with \$200 or add \$200 to your present LaSalle Savings Account.

If you want one of each, the price is only \$5 with your \$200 deposit. Come in today and be prepared for rainy days, whether they're bad weather or bad times.

If you don't have time to come in and don't mind a \$1 handling charge, fill in the coupon and mail it to us with your \$200. We'll send you the umbrella or umbrellas of your choice.

(Offer expires April 12, 1973.)

A FULL
SERVICE
BANK

MEMBER F.D.I.C.

To: LaSalle National Bank, 135 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60600 - Phone 443-2500

Date _____

I wish to open a ☐ LaSalle 4 1/2 % Passbook Acct ☐ LaSalle 5 1/2 % 90 Day Golden Passbook Account ☐ LaSalle 6 1/2 % 100 (5 1/2 % Two Year) Passbook Account

NAME (S) _____

(Exactly as to be shown on account)

ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

90C SEC NO _____

DISCLOSED IS MY CHECK FOR \$

(Minimum \$20.00)

Please charge my account \$1.00 for handling and send me ☐ Free Men's Umbrella

☐ Free Woman's Umbrella ☐ both (charge my account \$5.00 plus handling)

5-3

SIGHT DRAFT

☐ Please transfer money from my account with _____

(Name of Bank or Savings & Loan)

Account Number _____

Pay to the Order of LA SALLE NATIONAL BANK \$ _____ Dollars

Signature _____

Please print name and address as shown on Passbook or Certificate. Please attach your Passbook or Certificate.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 12-18

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—UCLA, Memphis State, Providence and Indiana were their regional title and moved to the NCAA's final round in St. Louis (page 18).

GUILDFORD (C.) captured the NAIA basketball championship, defeating Maryland-Eastern Shore 96-76 (page 23).

KENTUCKY WISLEYAN defeated Tennessee State 75-71 in overtime to win the NCAA College Kentucky (page 18).

FOOT BASKETBALL—NEA. The only get rubber as Rovee clinched first in the Atlantic Division. Los Angeles led the most for in third straight Pacific title and Baltimore and Milwaukee joined in their usual strong work. But victory did not belong entirely to the spoiled. Central office-center Cleveland won three in a row, including one over playoff-seeded Atlanta 175-107, as City Guard Agnes Carr contributed 28 points. New York jockeying for the odd homegame advantage in the playoffs, lost the Lakers 108-96 in Los Angeles, while Milwaukee responded to surprise in the Knicks' 115-111 victory over Phoenix. Road gave us first performance of the season, taking 28 points and six rebounds. And there were losses too, including the possibility of all nine. The Philadelphia 76ers broke the NBA loss record, dropping their fifth game to Baltimore 120-115. The Bullets shared the statistical highlight that night as Elvin Hayes recorded a career-high point total of 42. Golden State, 2-3 for the week, lost to the Knicks despite 24-point performance by Rick Barry and Charles Johnson.

ABA Indiana kept on at its new hot spot in the West, extending its winning streak to 10 and pulling within four games of Utah. The first place team made one of Indiana's visitors, the Pacers, dropping of their 113-106. Thanks to 23 points from a tall-improved George McGinnis, Utah was hardly a completed leader, particularly against Denver. Rocky and Four, and Jerry Jones. Against Dallas, Seattle scored in 26 points in 28 minutes, dominating the Chain 171-113. Jones posted the exclusive 10,000 career-point club while scoring 27 in the 113-101 victory over Virginia. They lost their other game, having topped their team. Virginia, safely tucked in third in the East, continued to get help from Julian Ervin, the East scoring champion with 72 points in two games. New York continued a fourth-place finish for itself and, as a result, an Eastern Division playoff spot. Bending only one team was an even more Memphis loss. The Bulls backed into the playoffs as the Jazz extended and lost to Kentucky 139-103. The defeat ended the Memphis losing streak to 11.

FENCING—NEW YORK UNIVERSITY won a re-

and 10th NCAA title, outperforming second-place Pennsylvania 70-71.

GOLF—SANDRA HAYNIE won her first tournament of the season. Strung a first-round 69 for a one-woman victory over Marlene Hage in the \$13,000 Orange Blossom Classic in St. Petersburg, Fla.

HOCKEY—NHL. The ice belonged to Boston as the Bruins dashed over New York to take second place in the East. After tying off of New York in the first game, the Islanders, 3-0, the Bruins beat Buffalo 4-1 with third-period goals by Carol Vadnais, Phil Esposito and Bobby Orr and ripped Detroit 5-4 in the final seconds. Espinoza scored well on his way to a fourth NHL scoring title, leading the league with 48 goals and 67 assists. Detroit and Buffalo remained in a tight battle for fourth place and a playoff spot with another team able to make a strong move. Minnesota beat Toronto 5-2 and led A 3-7, outpacing Philadelphia to move the second place in the East. With the pressure of playoff scrambling over, Vancouver was relaxed enough to win three from California, L.A. and Pittsburgh. The Canucks open with bad luck, losing their goals. Jim Rutherford, for at least two weeks to a knee injury. The New York Islanders Billy Smith set an NHL record for penalty minutes with 42 goals—42 shutoffs.

WHA New England resumed its momentum and extended its winning streak to seven, picking up eight points on several other Cleveland, which lost three. Ottawa and Alberta kept the pressure on fourth-place New York in the East and Minnesota in the West, the Nationals having knocked the Quebec Nordiques into the cellar earlier in the week. Quebec's Tim Martin scored four goals in a 6-1 rout of Winnipeg. Los Angeles beat Cleveland 6-0 and moved into second place in the West, a point ahead of Houston. Philadelphia's Danny Lewiston won WHA scoring, netting his 25th and 26th goals against Houston.

COLLEGE HOCKEY—WISCONSIN posted its first NCAA crown, beating Denver 4-2 (page 83).

WRESTLING—In his debut as a 3-year-old, SEC. B. TARIAT 152-101 Rose Turquoise, was 10-0, 2-0. The Boy State School at Auburn (page 27).

RACING in a three-week victory, LINDA'S CHIEF 17-11 captured the 50th running of the \$69,700 San Felipe Handicap at Santa Anita. Brazilian Buzza rode the colt past Ancient Tide in the stretch. Highly respected Shum finished fourth (page 27).

FLATBUSH TENNIS—JOHN MANGAN of NYC. NY and ROBERT KINGHURRY of Scotland, N.Y. won their second straight national men's doubles title at the Cleveland Racquet Club, defeating

Kerth Jennings and Chancy Seal III, both of Boston, 2-3, 6-3, 7-5, 3-6, 4-6.

SWIMMING World Cup competition moved to Japan when DANIELE DE BERNARD of France won the slalom, MARILYN COCHRAN of the U.S. took the joint slalom, and American's ERIC HARRIS and French's JEAN-NOEL ALGERET captured the men's giant slalom and slalom (page 73).

SWIMMING—ARIZONA STATE finished first in the women's college swimming and diving championships with 365 points, four-time all-American Florida by 185 points, at Madison, Idaho.

CHICO STATE accumulated 342 points to win the NCAA college-fencing crown at Wayne State in Detroit.

TRACER & FIELD—In the USSR-USA meet ROBIN CAMPBELL, 14, of Washington, D.C., held off Soviet veteran Tamara Kuznetsova to win the 500-yard run and then anchored her women's medley relay team to a 15-yard victory (page 70). The relay victory broke a 68-60 tie and gave the U.S. women their second straight win over the Russians. Colombian MARIA WATSON set a national indoor record with a long jump of 21' 4", beating her own mark by four inches. HERB WASHINGTON and Tony O'Connell of the University of Valley Stream in the 60-yard dash, Washington posting a season time of 6.0. CHERYL TULLAGHANT and ERIC HARRIS of the University of Utah won the 600-yard run and PATTY JOHNSON of Seattle took the 400-yard hurdles in 7.6.

FRANK SHORTER, U.S. Olympic gold medalist won the 25th Maryland Marathon in Gaithersburg with a time of 2:12.3, a record for the course.

MILFORD—NAMED As coach of the ABA Dallas Chaparrals, DAVE KROHN, 38, assistant coach of the Chicago Bulls, resigned as the Chicago Bulls' head coach to become head coach at the University of Georgia.

REIGNED St. John's Basketball Coach FRANK MULDOON, 44, two days after his team lost to Kentucky and in the opening round of the NCAA tournament, because of a personal dispute. ERAD SNYDER, 18, took over as St. John's fourth-year coach at Northwestern.

CREDITS

Cover—Shirley & Son; Rick Clayton; Hans Klummar; Eric Schmitt; G. Clayton; Clayton 18—Ment Clummar; 20, 21—Rick Clayton; 22, 23—Shirley & Son; 24—Neil Jones; 25—Shirley & Son; 26—Roy DeCarro; Shirley & Son; 27—Shirley & Son; 28—Roy DeCarro; Shirley & Son; 29—Roy DeCarro; 30—Roy DeCarro; 31—Roy DeCarro; 32—Roy DeCarro; 33—Roy DeCarro; 34—Roy DeCarro; 35—Roy DeCarro; 36—Roy DeCarro; 37—Roy DeCarro; 38—Roy DeCarro; 39—Roy DeCarro; 40—Roy DeCarro; 41—Roy DeCarro; 42—Roy DeCarro; 43—Roy DeCarro; 44—Roy DeCarro; 45—Roy DeCarro; 46—Roy DeCarro; 47—Roy DeCarro; 48—Roy DeCarro; 49—Roy DeCarro; 50—Roy DeCarro; 51—Roy DeCarro; 52—Roy DeCarro; 53—Roy DeCarro; 54—Roy DeCarro; 55—Roy DeCarro; 56—Roy DeCarro; 57—Roy DeCarro; 58—Roy DeCarro; 59—Roy DeCarro; 60—Roy DeCarro; 61—Roy DeCarro; 62—Roy DeCarro; 63—Roy DeCarro; 64—Roy DeCarro; 65—Roy DeCarro; 66—Roy DeCarro; 67—Roy DeCarro; 68—Roy DeCarro; 69—Roy DeCarro; 70—Roy DeCarro; 71—Roy DeCarro; 72—Roy DeCarro; 73—Roy DeCarro; 74—Roy DeCarro; 75—Roy DeCarro; 76—Roy DeCarro; 77—Roy DeCarro; 78—Roy DeCarro; 79—Roy DeCarro; 80—Roy DeCarro; 81—Roy DeCarro; 82—Roy DeCarro; 83—Roy DeCarro; 84—Roy DeCarro; 85—Roy DeCarro; 86—Roy DeCarro; 87—Roy DeCarro; 88—Roy DeCarro; 89—Roy DeCarro; 90—Roy DeCarro; 91—Roy DeCarro; 92—Roy DeCarro; 93—Roy DeCarro; 94—Roy DeCarro; 95—Roy DeCarro; 96—Roy DeCarro; 97—Roy DeCarro; 98—Roy DeCarro; 99—Roy DeCarro; 100—Roy DeCarro.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TIM APPLETON, a senior at Sewanee (Pa.) Academy, checked up the highest pre-season scoring figure in the state this year with 1,002 points in 23 basketball games. Appleton shot .507 from the field and .397 from the foul line. He had high point games of 65 and 64.



STEVE ORTIZ, a junior at Albuquerque High, captured his second straight all-around title at the New Mexico state gymnastics championships with a total score of 46.55. He took first places in floor exercise, side horse, the high bar, the parallel bars, rings and vaulting.



LAURIE MILLER, 16, of Beachwood, Ohio, won the women's singles title in the Ohio Open table tennis tournament. After an unbeaten high school season, she also took the girls' 17-and-under title and teamed with Kathy DeMont, 19, to win the women's doubles.



STEVE TRAYLOR, a senior at Dierksen College, Westerville, Ohio, is captain of three major sports and was named all-Olio Conference in each. Traylor was a wide receiver in football, a two-year varsity basketball guard and hit .378 as a third baseman in 1972.



CAL TATUM, a 6'2" senior guard at Southern Colorado State, led his team to the Great Plains Athletic Conference title and was named league MVP. A four-time all-conference scorer in basketball, Tatum was the season's top scorer with 1,904 points for a 26.3 average.



GEORGE HUGHES, a junior center at Malden Catholic High School, became the highest single-season scorer in Massachusetts school-boy hockey history when he tallied his 88th point in a 4-1 win over Beverly High. In 20 games Hughes has 42 goals and 47 points.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WAKING ROTH

Sirs:

Philip Roth (*The Great American Read*, March 12) was being characteristically modest in your LETTER from the PULPIT concerning his baseball prowess as a youth. The fact stands that Roth was considered one of the brightest prospects ever to surface on the playing fields of Newark, fields that have produced scores of stars whose names, unhappily, escape me.

He did not play for Weequahic High for the simple reason that Roth felt his presence on the team might embarrass the less gifted boys. He played instead for the B'nai B'rith Bombers out at Sol R. Rappaport Memorial Field (now W. C. Handy Park), where the rattle of Roth's line shots off the outfield walls prompted the passing of local noise ordinances, among the first in America.

Roth once hit a ball, measured, 180 feet (on the bounce). Since Roth was only 18 at the time, it is clear that had his progress continued at this pace he would today, turning 40 this very week, be one of the great long-ball hitters of this or any other generation.

So feared was Roth that he was once issued six intentional passes in a single game, although the pitcher, one Sheldon Grossbart, chose an unorthodox manner of going about it, to say the least. He hit the writer six times with his fastball, three times smack in the head, which some critics maintain accounts for the turn of Roth's future writings. Grossbart later had a tryout with Kook of the Three I League, which will give you an idea of the class of ball in which Roth found himself. He was not perfect; who among us is? He could not hit the drop-drop. He was afraid of the fastball and the slider and the curve. Even then he was protecting himself for the great years ahead. What counts is that the Clifton Avenue Pee Wee League to this day plays its games in Babe Roth Park, in memory of what he might have been—and because he donated the backstop.

ROBERT CRICHTON

New York

• Best-selling Author Roth replies to best-selling Author Crichton: "It is no mystery to me why Mr. Crichton should attempt to sully my record as a sandlot ballplayer (1941-49). In the summer of 1971 on Martha's Vineyard a right-handed woman and myself soundly trounced Mr. Crichton and two 10-year-old children in a game of running bases. Obviously Mr. Crichton is still smarting from that loss. It is interesting—and

bracing—to note that neither of the children (whom Crichton dragged down to defeat that day with his own clumsy base running) has seen fit to co-sign Mr. Crichton's letter, though I do not doubt that considerable pressure was brought to bear upon them to do so."—ED

Sirs:

The Great American Reader

Was eagerly read by me.

As a writer Roth may be Triple A.

But about baseball he's strictly Class D.

EDELL H. WARD

Autumn, Colo.

THE BACK IS BACK

Sirs:

The 1973 White Sox are all of the team that William Leggett described (*No Holes to Mend in These Sox*, March 12)—and more. With the additional power (Melton and Henderson) and pitching (Stone and Johnson) for 1973, the Sox have solid offense and defense. The excitement they cause could push attendance totals over three million for the first time in Chicago baseball.

The pennant will be waving on the South Side this fall.

TEOM TOMASZEWSKI

Country Club Hills, Ill.

Sirs:

Come you, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED! Why me? After faithfully following your printed words for 11 years, after fanatically following my sunflower team for 16 years, after bleeding, stomping, crying, laughing and cheering for my glorious losers, I said to myself, "This year . . . this year will end my suffering!" But now what can I do? You don't even have the courtesy to put the whammy on my heroes in August or September, thus at least giving me some hope from April to July. No, you insist on taking all of the suspense out of the season. I've seen what you've done in the past to my skylarks. I still hold you partly responsible for their "wasteland" era. But this is the cruelest joke of all—a cover story on the Chicago White Sox. Oh, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I hate you! But, oh, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I love you!

MIKE KATOVICH

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

The metamorphosis of the South Siders is certainly a unique one. From the '67 Sox, a fine defensive team that chased Boston down to the wire, they evolved into the '68-70 Go-Go Sox (i.e., out of town), consisting generally of bumbling incompetents. Fortunately for Chicagoans, Chuck Tanner

and Rollie Hemond came along, retained the quality players, swapped the others for ones of a higher caliber and promoted talented minor-leaguers to the parent club. In three short years they built the Super Sox: a collection of dynamic hitters further enhanced by the additions of Ken Henderson and John Jeter, and anchored by knuckleball artist Wilbur Wood.

To steal a page from Ernie Banks' *Book of Rhythmic Chicago Cub Predictions*, "First place is where the White Sox will be in '73!"

Chicago

JOE LAMUS

THE STATE OF STATE

Sirs:

As a former Florida State student I congratulate Barry McDermott for an outstanding report on the Seminoles (*Clyde The Glade and the Slide*, March 12). Ron Harris, last year's MVP, probably sums up this year's dismal season best with his harsh reaction to Clyde's attitude toward the team. However, I feel that Coach Hugh Durham has done a tremendous job in giving a guy like Clyde a chance. His approach of making a contribution to society rather than just talking the kids who score well on their college boards is commendable. Naturally I'm disappointed about this year's team. But with a coach like Durham, I'm confident that next year FSU will once again challenge UCLA for the top. Thanks again for an excellent article.

LUKE LA FIA

Miami

Sirs:

It's great that FSU accepts athletes in order to make them "possible assets" to society. But I question how much they are trying to aid society and how much they are attempting to build up a nationally ranked basketball team. It is frustrating to Carolina fans to read a comment such as the one Coach Durham made concerning Dean Smith of the University of North Carolina. Mr. Smith is bound by both the Atlantic Coast Conference and the university entrance requirements. This means that many fantastic basketball players cannot be recruited. Often it is these very players who help their teams defeat UNC and in the process give the Carolina fans ulcers.

GINNY CATES

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

For a team that was gunning for another shot at UCLA, eight losses might just as well have been 80. When you're on top, every loss is an upset. Defeat is never more

continued

Sure your new boss is a guy you once fired, but...



"Don't give up the ship!"

Forget all the adjectives.
The only thing that matters
in Scotch is taste.
Buy one bottle.

Wrangler
thinks Americans spend too much for clothes.
(And we're doing something about it.)

\$10

\$7.50

\$8.50

Wrangler Sportswear. Wremember the "W" is Silent.

170 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Prices slightly higher in the west. © 1973 Blue Bell, Inc.

Winnebago Brave \$6,995

D-18 Brave F.O.B. Forest City, Iowa. Freight, local taxes, dealer prep and options extra. Prices and specs subject to change without notice. *Lexington, Portuguese Bend, California.



Makin' friends Winnebago style.



The Winnebago Brave was made for exploring the back roads. It contains all you need for motor home comfort. Power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission, kitchen, beds, bath, everything.

And it's in a price range most families can afford. That's why it's fast becoming America's most popular motor home.

See the Brave for '73. It's a great year for making friends Winnebago style.

We give you more.

WINNEBAGO

bitter than when victory was expected. One of the most tragic aspects of sport is the struggling but talented team that never quite reaches its potential and winds up playing with alms and might-have-beens.

Again, thank you for an enlightening albeit painful look at the unmaking of a season. It has been a disillusioning and disappointing year for Florida State, but there is next year to look to, and the hope that Coach Durham can find the key and that Cole, Clyde and McCray can put the Seminoles on the road back to the top.

ANDY GARDNER

Burlington, Vt.

Sir:

If a college basketball Coach of the Year is selected on the basis of outstanding performance, then an "un-outstanding" Coach of the Year should also be selected. Hugh Durham would be my choice.

As McDermott's article explains, however, there was more to the story. Rather than pinning the blame on only one individual—i.e., either Durham or Benny Clyde—McDermott gives a balanced explanation.

The story shows the entire NCAA pro-

cedure. Instead of writing only about winners, you provide depth by writing about losers.

CHARLES A. WILLIAMS

Terre Haute, Ind.

MEETING THE RUSSIANS

Sir:

Perhaps you could help at least two of our best basketball teams meet the Russians with or without their timekeeper.

One team should be the winner of the NCAA championship, the other team should be the winner of the NBA championship. These teams would be allowed to pick up any athlete that they could use. For example, UCLA could ask Ed Ratleff or Dwight Lamar or any other player. If Boston won the NBA it could ask Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Jerry West or Dick Butkus (to be used against the Soviet center for last-second plays) and George Foreman (to be used against the timekeeper for last-second plays).

In any event, a team should play the Russians. It is completely unfair to the players when an all-star squad is formed a few weeks before the contest. If necessary the NCAA should let North Carolina State substitute for the NCAA champion. Certainly Russia

is far more unscrupulous about recruiting than North Carolina State.

JOHN E. TULLY

Eureka, Calif.

POCATELLO PACER

Sir:

The pacer referred to in the pro track meet (*Dr. Wase's Small Potatoes in Pocatello*, March 12) is primarily a training device. The fact that the Run-Pacer lends excitement to races for track fans is a pleasant but relatively unimportant plus.

JEROME M. KAUFMAN

Cambridge, Mass.

FOR THE MANY OR THE FEW?

Sir:

Three cheers and a pat on the back for Peter Weymouth and the group of parents in Howard County, Md. ("An Attack on the Citadel," *Scorecard*, Feb. 26). As an educator I have watched complaining parents with disregard for quality education put pressure on schools and school boards to develop winning teams and coaches. It is encouraging to hear of someone willing to step forward to take the pressure off the coaches, who cannot take the time to em-

continued

You're going to spend a lot of nice days and nights...and dollars.



Look for the Master Charge sign or the Interbank symbol 

RELAX YOU'VE GOT MASTER CHARGE

Perfect for hotels, motels, restaurants, gas stations or just about any emergency along the way. Master Charge... good in more places across the country than any other card. And it lets you stretch out your payments, if you like.

master charge
THE INTERBANK CARD



No shaver advertising dares compare their shave with a Ronson shave.

Here's why:

Our micro-thin shaving screen is thinner than this page.
So our 36 surgical-sharp blades cut closer to the whisker base.
To cut as close as Ronson, you have to *get* as close as Ronson.
No shaver in America dares claim they can.



No comparison. A Ronson shave is unsurpassed. Because the Ronson cutting system is unbeatable.

We created the first micro-thin shaving screen, years ago. Now others have tried to copy us.

But they don't have our unique cutting system. They don't have our 36 surgical-sharp blades. They don't have our high power motor that eats up whiskers at the softest touch. They don't have our "SuperTrim" or our Electric Self-Cleaning feature.

They don't have our great Replacement Kit, the only one that lets you replace *both* blades *and* screen to keep your Ronson shaver sharp as new. So to get closeness without comparison, you have to get a Ronson shaver. Try a Ronson today.

1000XL RONSON
by DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

Closeness without comparison.

CAR BUYING MADE EASIER

Thinking about buying a new car? This free book can help you make the right choice.

Section I is about cars in general—models, options, body styles, insurance, even financing. It will help no matter what kind of car you buy. Section II deals with Ford Motor Company cars. It offers facts, figures, specifications—the things you need to know.

For your free copy, write:
Ford Motor Company Listens
P. O. Box 1958
The American Road
Dearborn, Michigan 48121

Mr ☐ Mrs ☐ Miss ☐ Ms ☐ Dr ☐

Name

Address

Appt No

City

State

Zip

Phone



...has a better idea
(we listen better)

10TH HOLE continued

phase: skills development, sportsmanship and cooperation but instead have to concentrate on winning at any cost in order to protect their jobs. It is time spent for variety and value was put into our educational system and pressurized competition was taken out. I hope the Howard County school board is innovative and that SROUS ILLUSTRATED keeps track of the development of this situation. I am sure there are many interested readers.

JAMIE L. WILLY

Arthur, Neb.

Sirs:

Hats off to the school board of Howard County. I doubt whether its efforts will cause many ripples, but it has the perfect answer to a more diversified interest in sports as well as to more involvement of students in school.

For years we have listened to the erroneous idea that the big sports bring in the money for high school as well as college programs. Maybe this is true for Ohio State and other biggies, but overall I think this is false. The only reason that football and basketball are so-called major sports on a scholastic level is that they are "controlled" by these sports from the pro level.

People will go out to see many other sports if the proper interest is created. Iowa State and Oklahoma State have traffic jams for their wrestling matches, Morehouse College here in Atlanta piles them in for its swimming meets and I am sure there are other examples throughout the country where a minor sport brings in much more than it costs.

Not everyone can play football. However, almost everyone can swim, do gymnastics, playtable tennis, etc. In addition, such a program could also create interest in some of the Olympic events in which our efforts seem to have gone downhill lately.

RAYMOND FIZZ

Atlanta

Sirs:

As a nonvarsity high school male, I support the continuation of interscholastic sports at the varsity level. Aside from providing the training grounds for the college and professional athletes of tomorrow, interscholastic athletics provide an important center of student spirit.

Very few people are discouraged by failure to succeed on a varsity team, while many benefit from the weekly social event of going to the game and going out with friends afterward. I also see nothing wrong with an emphasis on winning, or with players enjoying the camaraderie of long practice periods.

Intemperate competition does not "generate excitement," except, perhaps, at an elementary school level. And programs for

the sports end as sources of lifelong enjoyment are usually poor; tennis, golf and handball are often left out, and I know of few adults who spend hours playing volleyball or working out on parallel bars.

In summary, I, as well as the majority of students with whom I associate, regard interscholastic athletics as an essential part of high school life. So, bravo for the Citadel, wherever that means.

DAVID KING

Schenectady, N.Y.

NAMES

Sirs:

Re Houston Post sports columnist Lynn Ashby's suggestions for European football team names (SportsCARD, March 5), please permit me to add a few more. For instance, the Lyons Cubs and the Dublin Oranohings would certainly rate franchises.

However, Ashby's scope is too narrow. Like Pete Roselle, we should look forward to the day that pro football goes worldwide. Then we can have such teams as the Sydney Cubs and the Chile Burgers, the Brazil Nuts and the India Links.

These teams would fit nicely in sports headlines: the Gobs, the Manda Papers, the Ural Messed-ups and the Peeping Toms. Finally, we note the team that would undoubtedly be the finest defensive unit in the World Football League, the Bagdad-Lipscombs.

JAMIE H. BERGLAND

Alma, Mich.

Sirs:

If Moscow fields two teams, besides The Mules you could have the Red Red Robins. And if that name is for the birds, how about the Florence Nightingales and the Stuhle Pigeons?

Also, I'm sure the London Boosters would take the Bridges, to say nothing of the Cork Leggers and the Galway Bays. Finland's Helsinki Angels could be tough, also the Lourdes Marbles.

NORM KJARNASIR

Howard Beach, N.Y.

Sirs:

How could Lynn Ashby possibly fail to include the Bristol Creams, Yorkshire Terrers, Dutch Elms, Hamburg Buns, Berlin Airflits, Swedish Meathalls, Monaco Dodges, Welsh Rarebits, French Peedles, Spanish Gallions, Frankfurt Roofs, Greenwich Mean Times, Bavarian Cream Pies, Prussian Dicing Sars and the Finnish Lams?

EDWARD J.R. BUZANOWICZ

Creston, R.I.

Address editorial mail to SROUS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

**What makes Mustang different
is the way it looks, handles, and makes you feel.**



Options shown on the Mach I above are automatic transmission, air conditioning, power front disc brakes, AM radio, forged aluminum wheels with raised white-letter tires, sports interior with console and tach. Also available: steel-belted, radial ply tires. Tests show that steel-belted radials can give average drivers 40,000 miles of tread wear under normal driving conditions.

Better idea for safety . . . buckle up!



Ford Mustang has been the top-selling car in its class since 1965. Here are some reasons:

Good looks. Mustang is sporty and sleek, inside and out. Your choice of five models: Mach I, SportsRoof, Grandé, Hardtop and Convertible.

Good handling. Mustang's low silhouette and compact size make its handling as beautiful as its looks. You get independent front suspension with anti-sway bar, for decisive sporty car handling with a comfortable passenger-car ride.

Great feeling. Your Mustang is a statement of personal style. It feels great . . . it looks great.

Discover Mustang for '73, at your Ford Dealer's.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION





Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

A special treatment softens the tobaccos
for a milder taste.

Rough it in comfort. Get a water-repellent Sportline Sleeping Bag just like the one shown for free B&W Raleigh coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.



To see over 1000 gifts,
write for your free Gift Catalog:
Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

© 1975 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO COMPANY
Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 19 mg. "tar,"
1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report August 72


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.